

# CHRISTIAN HERALD



JULY, 1945

RELIGION IN RUSSIA *By Jerome Dau*

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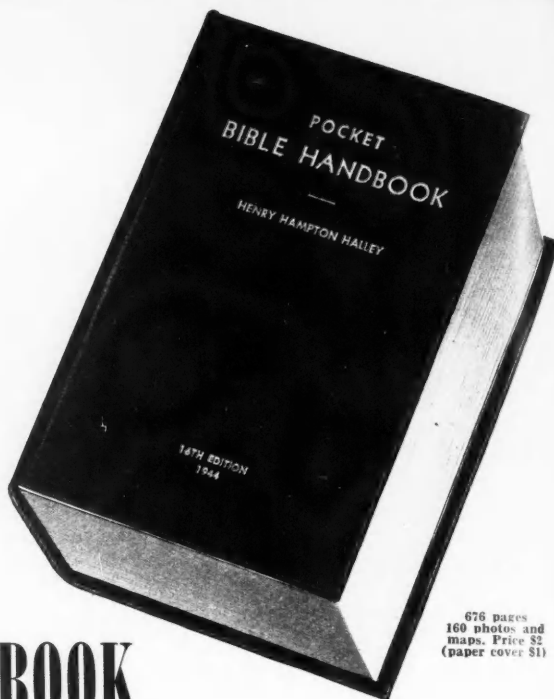


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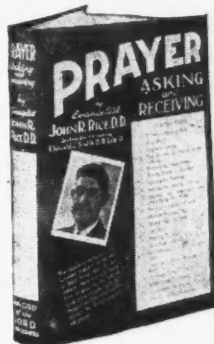
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# Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

## One Foot in Heaven

Dear Editor:

I have read "One Foot in Heaven." That preacher wasn't very strong in the Spirit of the Lord or the son couldn't have convinced him so easily that it was good to go to shows. . . .  
Tiffin, Ohio Mrs. Josephine Hamm

● We met the preacher-hero of "One Foot," long before the book was ever thought of. He was a pastor in Denver; we had an automobile accident on his corner, following which, à la good college freshmen, we remarked that we had nearly said "Good morning to the angels," that time. Following which Dr. Spence took things into his own hands and read us a lecture we never forgot, on the uncertainty of life and the proximity of death and the sacredness of heaven. He preached a sermon over the wreckage of the two cars, from which his congregation departed as reverent Christians leave the church.

Don't ever let anyone tell you that this preacher was easy to convince of anything! He had a mind of his own, and the courage to use it.

## Wanted—A Preacher

Dear Editor:

Along with the advertisement for Mary J. Perkin's church, I would like to place another ad. It would read something like this:

"I want a pastor who is a shepherd . . . He must know God . . . be a man of great faith, courage, vision, a fighter against sin for good, loyal to God and man . . . I want more than a leader in civic affairs . . . This pastor needs to be a man of integrity and character . . . a man who takes life seriously . . . a man who is kind and gentle with ideals high and holy who lives with his Lord and practices what he preaches, a man who is fair and honest with himself and his fellow men, sincerely friendly, with a firm honest handshake and a smile that breaks forth like the sun after a rain, and possessing a consuming passion and appreciation for his work, a man who truly loves people and is genuinely interested in them, their needs and problems . . . (possessing) a heart full of love and knowledge and the wisdom of God and a keen discerning mind . . . humble and approachable, kind and sympathetic, understanding, able to solve problems . . . a kind friendly man, truly a Christian, honest and sincere, logical and spirit-filled, a consecrated worker . . . a good preacher, his

messages clear-cut and practical, messages that bring light to His people, draw them to God. . . .

New Albany, Miss.

Melissa Grant

● Thank you, Reader Grant. In all seriousness, and not in the least wishing to be flippant about it, we humbly suggest (we are editorial-minded!) that the advertisement might have saved a lot of space and effort if it were worded: "Wanted: A preacher complete with halo and wings."

Preachers were men before they became preachers; they are as prone to err as the rest of us, and there just isn't any use paying the preachers the salaries we're paying them now and expecting them all to be saints, made in one mould. Some of them are good and some are not so good and some are just no good and after all, the important thing here is not the personality but the message. Phillips Brooks used to say that preaching is "Truth mediated through personality." He put *truth* first.

## In Again, Out Again

Dear Editor:

I have given up the thought of again subscribing to *CHRISTIAN HERALD* because of the article (November '44) about conscription of boys for army training. . . .  
Olympia, Wash. Mrs. S. V. Bennett

Dear Editor:

I always find at least one article in *CHRISTIAN HERALD* that is worth the price of a whole year's subscription—I always know that I am reading the truth. I think if you look back you will find I have been a subscriber for 36 years. . . .

Frances Grier Allbritten  
Cunningham, Kansas

● When a questioner asked Dr. S. Parkes Cadman if he "swallowed" everything in the Bible, Dr. Cadman roared back: "When you eat fish, you don't eat the bones as well as the meat, do you?" We feel the same way about these two letters. It's too much to expect that everybody will always like every article—but why deprive yourself of the inspiration of many articles because you disagree with one? It just doesn't make sense. . . .

## Protestants, Catholics

Dear Editor:

After reading the letter of Mrs. M. W. Dalton (*MAY HERALD*), I felt I would like to add something. . . . The violent statement made by "A Protestant" in the January number seems to be misplaced in these modern times. It is my firm belief that any group of believers who worship the Christian God is by no means "rotten." The Roman Catholic Church was organized by the Apostles themselves. . . . Our Lord granted St. Peter the great privilege of being the major founder of the Church, and first bishop of Rome. . . . We Protestants should not forget that all of our ceremonies, creeds and the majority of our hymns are of Roman Catholic origin. If the Roman Catholic Church had never been established, there would be no Protestant Church today. . . . I agree 100 percent with Mrs. Dalton. The Roman Catholic Church is indeed a Christian Church.

A Tolerant Methodist Layman  
Franklin, Vermont

Dear Editor:

I too was sitting back, waiting to see if any one would defend the Catholics. I have two Catholic sons-in-law, and haven't anything but the highest respect for both of them. I have seen "rotten" Catholics and I have seen "rotten" Protestants. . . .  
Another Protestant

● There were more letters on this subject, but why run them? We wish somehow that the writers would have had Mrs. Dalton's courage, and signed their names. And there is one argument we are definitely not getting into: the one which concerns itself with whether or not Peter was the first Pope or Bishop, and whether the Roman Catholic Church was the first Christian Church, and whether the Apostles. . . . That one is just endless, and we doubt that there is any value in arguing about any of it, anyway.

## All Equal At the Cross

● A letter from a chaplain, thanking us for *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, has this:

Never shall I forget the service on Easter morning in a Red Cross theatre in North Africa. I was assisting the senior chaplain at the Communion Service. Almost three hundred soldiers and nurses came forward and knelt at the altar. Among them was the Commanding General of the area. A private came forward to take the Communion, and the only vacant space left was at the side of the general. The private hesitated, and drew back. Seeing his hesitancy, the general motioned to the private to come and kneel beside him—which he did, receiving the wine and the bread with the general. All men are equal at the foot of the Cross!

Aye—all equal. And, we might remark, that communion rail was probably the *only* place in all North Africa where the private and the general were equal. Right?

*CHRISTIAN HERALD* JULY 1945 • PAGE 2



# A GENERATION TO SAVE

If this generation of children is to be saved they must be taught to live by the teachings of Jesus Christ. There can be no real peace anywhere on this earth unless we put into living practice the Christianity we know but too often fail to practice. The children of today will be tomorrow's men of war unless the hate now in their hearts changes through understanding and tolerance into love for all men. The only hate they must know is hate for conditions that cause wars.

The children around the flag in our picture are the children of all nations who as men and women, will know no other country as their home but the United States of America.

There are sections in New York City where nothing but a foreign tongue is spoken. Little Italy is a world in itself. To walk its streets on a day of festival is to be in another land.

Chinatown in New York City draws visitors from every part of our land when they come to New York for here is a bit of China where one may eat real Chinese food and buy things oriental.

There is Yorkville where before the war Bavarian Villages thrived. There are sections of the town solely populated by Russians, by Filipinos, by the Irish and each section is a world in itself where the native New Yorker is a stranger and out of place.

In the city's slums there are children of all nations, still clannish and filled with hatred against the children of enemy nationalities.

One of Mont Lawn's important jobs will be to give these children a better understanding of each other, to try to remove this hatred. Mont Lawn's Chapel will play an important part, its student preacher will have an important contact with a problem that will give him an experience of tremendous value in his life's work.

Mont Lawn has a bigger job to do than ever before. We and the children of the poor need you more than ever. The sick and crippled need everything that Mont Lawn has to give



them; a vacation from their poverty and the heat and dirt of the slum streets can mean life to them.

MONT LAWN is the chance you can give the children of the poor—the opportunity to see and take part in a better way of living. At Mont Lawn they will learn the difference between

clean and careless living, they will learn to understand each other, to love instead of hate; they will know the love and care of Christian men and women.

Down through the years men and women who had once been guests of Mont Lawn have returned to tell us of its good influence in their lives.

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JULY, 1945

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Color-photo by Josef Muench

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## DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

### Question:

In a recent issue of CHRISTIAN HERALD appears a quotation from Bishop Lee concerning whiskey and beer. This good report simply is not true in our section overseas. Over here the quartermaster handles beer. It is paid for by the units and units are then paid by soldiers using beer. Post exchanges do not sell beer. The Army handles it. In this section soft drinks are not available as is beer. If there is room in ships for beer, then why not for soft drinks? Hard liquor is available in officers' clubs for officers only. Technically the Army does not sell it, but the Army does provide the means. Dr. Poling, what is your experience and observations overseas? (Signed by two combat chaplains.)

### Answer:

My experience and observations overseas confirm these two chaplains. Also the fact that enlisted men must handle hard liquor reserved for officers, is a source of deepseated bitterness.

### Question:

I enclose a letter that while it says definitely it is not a chain letter, nevertheless asks that it be copied and passed on. Is this a chain letter and what do you think about such?

### Answer:

Definitely the enclosed letter is a chain letter and I would treat it exactly as all other chain letters. I believe chain letters are a superstitious folly. I never pass them on.

### Question:

My brother and his family are in desperate straits because in the business conducted by the family, dishonesty has been practiced over a period of years. Some of us have covered up these dishonest practices until we no longer know what to do. Debts have accumulated until we are all

in danger. Some members of the family have been consulting soothsayers and fortune tellers. I do not know where to turn for help.

### Answer:

The letter accompanying this question makes clear the fact that those who are so gravely concerned and just as gravely involved should immediately carry these matters to a competent lawyer. Someone who can give them legal advice and in whom they have confidence, must be brought into the case. Beyond this, a local minister should be given the full story. The consultation of fortune tellers and soothsayers is profitless, ridiculous and a positive menace. If the course indicated is followed, I believe that a way out will be found for this anxious seeker after guidance. God helps us when in such a situation as this we strive courageously and honestly to help ourselves.

### Question:

Our minister has said that there will never be a gold star on our flag because we pray for our boys. What do you think of such a promise to the parents of these young men?

### Answer:

It is difficult for me to believe that any minister ever said it, and shame upon him if he did. What an abuse of prayer and what a false promise! How unfair God would be if, with so many dying, he would thus preserve one congregation above all others. Let our prayers be in God's will, knowing always that our sons—whether in life or death—are precious in His sight.

### Question:

Do you think that a minister should avoid tobacco?

### Answer:

It is my personal conviction that a

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minister, the pastor of a church, should avoid tobacco, but I do not judge my brothers. I know of no direct Scripture dealing with the subject, but I do remember that Paul said that he would not eat meat, the temple meat, if his brother were to take offense. Smoking—the cigarette habit particularly—has become a major nuisance if not a menace of the race.

#### Question:

*My daughter tells me that the familiar children's prayer, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," used to frighten her. Because of this, she wants to teach her little son some other verse. Do you know of something that she might use?*

#### Answer:

The little prayer, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," was always the prayer of my childhood and the childhood of my brothers and sisters. But here are several others that you might wish to use.

#### Morning Prayers:

God bless my father and mother,  
My brothers and sisters and make  
Me a good child, for Jesus' sake.  
Amen.

Now I wake and see the light,  
O God, who kept me through the  
night.

To Thee I raise my voice and pray  
That Thou wilt keep me safe today.  
Amen.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child.  
I would to Thine arms be brought;  
Dearest Lord, forbid it not.  
In the Kingdom of Thy grace  
Give a little child a place.  
Amen.

#### Evening Prayers:

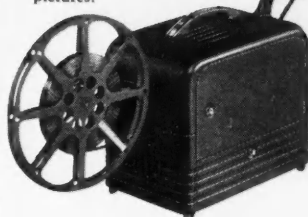
As darkness falls on land and sea,  
I come, dear Jesus Christ, to Thee,  
And pray that Thou wilt guard this  
night  
The little child, till morning light.  
Bless all the poor and sick and sad,  
And make the happy still more glad.  
Amen.

Lord, as I kneel to pray tonight, help  
me to remember when I have grieved  
You today by being cross, or unkind, or  
rude, or selfish. Make me willing to for-  
give anyone who has hurt me, that I may  
be Your own child. Amen.

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
At rest from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.  
Amen.



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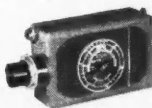
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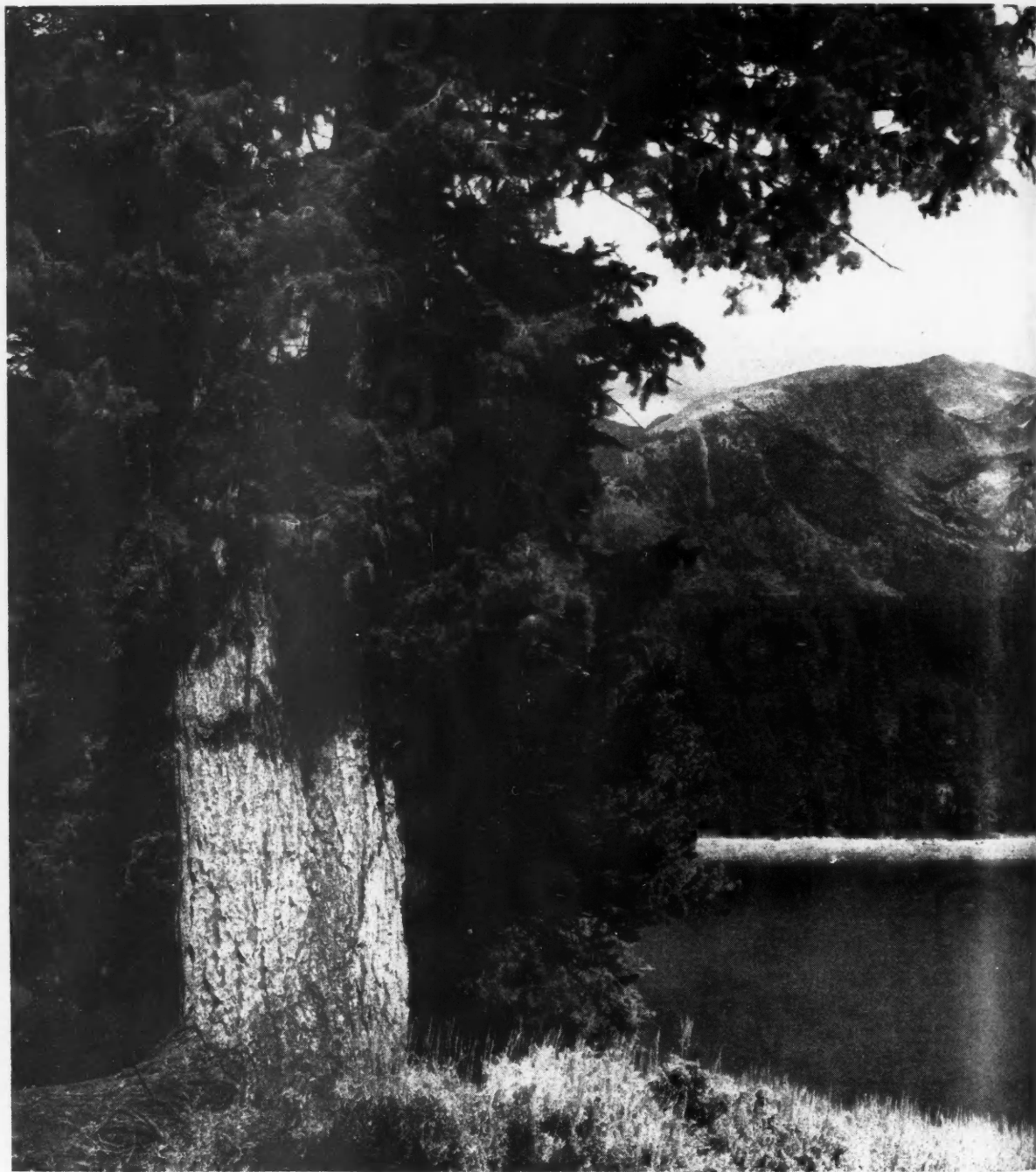


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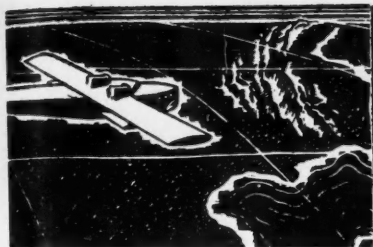
# MY COUNTRY, 'tis of Thee

BY SAMUEL F. SMITH

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

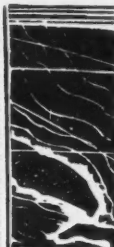
Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.





# NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## AT HOME

**SAN FRANCISCO:** News at home this month whirls about one great hub: the Conference at San Francisco. With the German war over and the Japanese facing the most impossible military odds they have ever faced in the might of Great Britain and America, we can well afford to get down to peace-planning in earnest.

That's what they have been doing at San Francisco. They have not drawn the final specifications. They have not set up the perfect world organization. But they have overcome many major difficulties, any one of which could have wrecked the Conference. They may not have crossed every "t" and dotted every "i" to the satisfaction of those armchair critics who are still shouting, "It can't be done," but they have made a great start and taken one tremendous step in approving and amending Dumbarton Oaks. That's what they came there to do.

Three days before he died, Franklin Delano Roosevelt said to Senator Claude Pepper: "On the consummation of a treaty, I hope that the next trend of public opinion will recognize that under our own theory nations are coequal, and therefore any treaty must represent compromise. We cannot jump to what we consider perfection if the other fellow does not go the whole way. He might think that his point of view was just as good or better than ours. . ."

There's the word we must understand: *compromise*. No peace worthy of the name can come without it. No man has the perfect, fool-proof plan; all must make their contributions, and accept their compromises for the sake of the common good. And it is more than interesting to this editor that it took the delegate from China to slap the San Francisco Conference awake after that Conference had been rocked to sleep with a series of platitudinous orations. When Mr. Kung let go the word "Sovereignty!" and told the delegates flatly that China stood ready to surrender whatever sovereignty it was necessary that she surrender, to get the world job done, they really applauded.

The San Francisco Conference has done its job, and done it well. It has chartered a course, set the sails, pointed the way. The rest is up not to the politicians, but to the people.

**MOLOTOV:** Easily the most dynamic figure at San Francisco was the Russian Molotov. Some Americans didn't like him. They resented his tactics, his aggressiveness. But you have to look back of Molotov to find out why he was aggressive.

The Russia this man represented was, up until a very few years ago, on the receiving end of a world-wide campaign of negative propaganda directed against her whole economic and social system. To put it bluntly, we thought of Russia then as a pariah among the nations. Russia hasn't forgotten that. The memory of it still stings. Is there any wonder then, that when the Russian gets into a commanding position, he struts a bit?

And if we're honest about it, we will admit that he has something to strut about. His nation has just won a war! Without in the least detracting from the American and British contributions, it isn't pleasant to think of where Britain and America would have been had it not been for the Russian. The Russian hasn't forgotten that, either.

But some of us are not half so worried over the Russian in the post-war world as we are over some other individuals. What about the American industrialist who storms at Molotov—and then falls all over himself to sell Russian industry whatever machinery it needs for a post-war comeback, under whatever economic or political system? What about the big butter-and-egg man, or the big steel or chemical man, who has sent his son off to die in this war, and then wonders how he can sell post-war Germany whatever machinery *she* needs to get back into heavy armament production again? *There is the man who will bear watching!*

**PEOPLE:** This item isn't important. Maybe you who read it are as tired of "important" news and people as we are. So try this for relief.

Big Jim Farley, who was once the most astute (and successful) campaign manager for our most-elected President, breaks into the headlines with this statement: "What's been the trouble with the past is that there's been a breakdown in the moral structure throughout the world. And this means that there has been a breakdown in the religious structure which, after all, is the basis of all moral codes. It will be necessary to have a spiritual rebirth throughout the world if we can hope for a complete solution of these problems which have plagued the world for so many years."

It strikes us as forcible and funny. We're certainly glad to hear Mr. Farley say this, but we're sorry the great conviction comes so late—after he has left the scene of active national politics. And, at the risk of being considered facetious, we'd like to ask, "Where have you been, Mr. Farley? The preachers were saying this before you were born!"

Item No. 2 deals with the mother of the President of the United States. She recently flew all the way from Missouri to Washington to visit her distinguished son. Disgusted with the hullabaloo of reporters, news photographers, Presidential bodyguard and the crowd of just plain civilian gawkers, the 92-year-old lady said, "Fiddlesticks! If I'd known this, I wouldn't have come."

That, we like!

**COURIER'S CUES:** Manpower situation is a mess, and nobody knows what is going to happen . . . Some Government men predict 5 million unemployed within six months after V-E Day . . . War Mobilizer Vinson says there will be 2,500,000 out of work within a year . . . Plans to head this off are in bad shape . . . Some of the sixteen Poles arrested by the Russians have pretty bad records, so not too much is being said about the arrests now . . . Biggest mistake of San Francisco Conference was probably (newsmen say) the admission of Argentina; it makes the Latin representatives a bit overbearing . . . Most of the German gold cache caught by the Allies is being claimed by France, Belgium, who say Nazis stole it



Rollin Kirby in The New York Times

there . . . The movie industry is caught with a lot of anti-Nazi pictures that will be unloaded on the public soon; they'll lose a lot of money . . . U. S. Army lost total of 159,000 in the war against the Nazis . . . Navy, Marines and Coast Guard lost 8,887 more (dead) . . . U. S. will fight Japanese war almost alone; Russia is not in the war at all, British will clear by-passed areas of the South Pacific . . . Congress will soon be asked (by President Truman) to pass a multi-billion-dollar Federal public works program which will build post offices and Federal buildings in every state . . . Terrible damage being wrought on ships of U. S. Navy comes not only from Japanese suicide planes, but from suicide one-man 'submarines' . . . It is just being told. In the darkest days of the London blitz, everything was set to evacuate the British Government from London to Stratford-on-Avon.

## ABROAD

**CRISIS:** Churchill has resigned. The King has asked him to form a new cabinet and stay on. Churchill stays on, and everybody's happy. But a lot of Americans are wondering just what goes on in England, anyway. Don't get excited about it; this is the British way of doing it

In the May issue of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* we predicted all this holding that "There will be a demand in England for a younger, more liberal mind at the helm of the ship of state." (For once you were right, Mr. Courier!) But we frankly didn't think the change would get under way so quickly. What actually happened was that Mr. Churchill, sensing a struggle to hold his position as Prime Minister, beat his political enemies to the punch when he resigned. Churchill had a coalition cabinet and government which has served since May 10, 1940. It served its purpose: it saw Britain through the war. But now with the war won and peace around the corner, Mr. Churchill would like to see the peace policies of his Conservative Party in the saddle—and the representatives of the Labor Party in England decidedly do not want to see that. Either they or he had to go. He moved first, and with his resignation the whole Cabinet fell and the Laborites were out. Then the King conveniently re-appointed Mr. Churchill as Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister appointed a new Cabinet to serve in the interim until July 5, when a general election will be held.

And we would repeat another thing we said in May " . . . he (Mr. Churchill) will still be a Tory in a world hard for Tories to live in." Just how true that is, and how hard it is going to be for a Tory to rule in England, is seen in the recent pronouncement of a national convention

of Laborites, which said officially: "British government policy now and for the future of certain liberated countries in Europe, particularly Belgium, Greece, Italy and Poland, was more concerned with the preservation of vested interests than for the welfare, liberty, equality or social security of these peoples."

That's British Labor speaking against the Tory, Churchill foreign policy. They want no more of it. They understand that there *must* come a change in Britain's foreign policy if peace is to endure. So they rejected Mr. Churchill's offer to continue the coalition government until victory over Japan: they want to get under way with a new foreign policy now. They are working day and night to defeat Mr. Churchill on the 5th of July.

Somehow, we are saddened at the sight of the passing of the old lion who stood at the head of his people against the Nazi, when they stood alone. But—this is peace, not war. It is the rejection not of a man but of a policy.

**TINDER-BOX:** Damascus has been bombed by the French. Lebanon calls for volunteers. At the very moment when we seem to be getting somewhere at San Francisco, war breaks out in the Middle East.

War has been waiting to break out, down there, for quite some time. Back of the immediate explosion lies two great contributing causes: the iron fist of General De Gaulle; the smouldering resentment of the Mediterranean Arab. De Gaulle has decided to "act tough" in Syria. We wonder why? Hasn't he had enough of war for awhile? Is France in a position, now, to go to war with anybody? But De Gaulle is like that—as unpredictable as an operatic *prima donna* on opening night.

So are the Arabs unpredictable—and a lot more deadly than General De Gaulle. Involved here are the Druze Arabs—than whom there are no fiercer warriors anywhere. Their influence (and resentment) extends far, far beyond the borders of Syria; they can set the whole Middle East aflame. There are more than 20 million Arabs in the Mediterranean, waiting for a chance at the French throat. And some other throats.

Step lightly, General De Gaulle!

**TEST:** Anything can still happen in Trieste—and probably will not happen. General Tito (actually, he is Marshal Josip Broz) failed to withdraw his troops to Yugoslavia's pre-war borders as we go to press, and General Alexander for the British and General Mark Clark for the Americans are said to be in Trieste, conferring.

It seems to us that the Yugoslavs have little claim to Trieste. True, Italy stole it. Before that, the Romans had it, and Venice and Austria had it. It fell to

Bonaparte, and after his passing it went back to Austria, where it remained until Mussolini took over. Just how all this gives Yugoslavia a claim on the port is beyond our poor powers of comprehension.

Of course, we can see how Yugoslavia would want a port like Trieste, whether she had any claim or not. The Yugoslavs under Tito fought for us all through the war, and fought brilliantly in one of the toughest theatres. According to the ancient rules of peacemakers, they may be "entitled to something" for that. But—we thought we were trying to improve on those ancient rules and ways, and to find a better way. If we're ever going to make a start toward the better way, Trieste may be a good place from which to make it.

We have to start somewhere!

Will they quit? Will they take a long look at ruined Berlin and surrender before the same thing happens to them? Maybe. We think not. Their cities will be rubble before they know what has happened to them. We have not yet moved our strength East from Europe; when that fighting machine really gets into gear—we can't even imagine what the destruction will be. When ten thousand bombers are in the air over Tokyo—well, can you imagine that?

The Japanese should quit now, but they will not. Their rulers are too stupid for that. They were too stupid to read aright the lessons of the last war. They were too stupid to measure the productive capacity and the fighting spirit of the United States; they were sure we could never fight a two-front war. They are too stupid to realize that might has

any Nazi atrocity. But—the truth stands that a nation of seventy-million-odd Germans fell into step behind Adolf Hitler and followed him straight through to the gates of hell. He was "heiled" more than he was damned; there were few attempts on his life, up to the very end. There certainly must have been *somebody* behind him, to do what he did to Europe.

The gang of influential Nazis around Hitler, the inner circle, is slowly being liquidated; we believe the Allied courts will take care of the rest. Then there remains those thousands of officials who executed the orders of the inner circle—the men who carried out the orders and committed the atrocities with their own hands. There is plenty of information against them; they will be punished.

After them, there is a nation of Germans who must be convinced that crime on an international scale doesn't pay. They will not be convinced easily; they must be convinced not with whips and scorpions but by education. What they must learn is that the historic German way is wrong.

**DISINTEREST:** We have just read a book called "These Are The Russians." It's good. In it is the story of a Russian officer guiding a group of American newspapermen through Russia. When one American told the guide he'd like to go to church, the guide shrugged and said, "I'd rather spend the time sleeping."

That's the generation in Russia that needs re-educating in the things of the Spirit. There is a whole generation there who are not outwardly hostile to the Church; they neither hate it nor like it. They just don't care. They'd rather sleep. It means nothing to them, for the simple reason that they grew up with no religious education whatever.

Maybe we ought to think about that, with our fifty (isn't it fifty?) million Americans young and old who are getting no religious education whatever right here at home. Maybe, tomorrow, they'll rather sleep, too.



At his White House office, President Truman receives a pocket-sized New Testament from Rep. A. W. Bennet, New York, on behalf of the Pocket Testament League.

**FINALE:** In this the finale against Japan? Some say so. The other day, nine million pounds of incendiary bombs were dropped on Tokyo. It shouldn't take long, at that rate, to completely pulverize the whole homeland of Japan.

Loathing Japanese aggression and tactics as we do, we are nevertheless heart-sick over this. Have you ever been in Japan? It is a beautiful land—a land of gardens and cherry trees. Even in its dingiest cities, you could always see a gay kite in the wind—a brilliant paper fish floating in the air. It's still a mystery to some of us how such a people as this could ever give their support to the military racketeers of Nippon. But give it they have, and bombed they must be.

never yet proved itself to be right simply because it was might—and that he who fights for freedom has the stars on his side against those who only fight for territory.

There is only one language the Japanese militarist can understand—the language of the B-29.

**GUILTY?** There's a new national motto in Germany: "He went that way." Everybody is pointing to everybody else, when the Allied criminal-hunters come along, and loudly proclaiming their innocence of any connection whatever with the Nazis. He did it, not me.

Well, there probably are some innocent Germans. We can't imagine Pastor Niemoeller being guilty of complicity in

## CHURCH NEWS

**SQUADRON:** There is more popularity in prayer than this world dreams of. Ask Chaplain (Lt. Col.) William V. Morgan, U. S. Air Transport Command, about that. He knows.

It was Chaplain Morgan (formerly a Baptist parson from Oakland, California) who early in December of 1943 got the idea that a "Prayer Squadron" might be organized to help meet the spiritual needs of the widely scattered men of his division. (He was then stationed at a lonely air station in Maine.) So he got



his first recruit—one Corporal Laurent. Within a year he was deluged with 12,000 membership applications, one of which came from General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, commanding general of the Army Air Forces. The other chaplains liked the idea; several of them signed up 1000 or more members. It spread out among the civilians; just last week, the editor of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* showed us his membership card.

There are no dues. There is no literal "organization." All you have to do to join is to sign a pledge-card promising to say a prayer a day. They have changed the name of it to "The Prayer Command" now, and they are almost up to the 50,000-member mark. They are privates and generals, seamen and admirals, governors and plain civilians.

Who said interest in prayer was a thing of the past?

**HELL:** A Protestant Episcopal clergyman out in Salt Lake City says: "Men in the military forces have been up against realities. Our returning veterans will know more about hell than any religious leader, because they will have been there. These men will want to know, instead, how to find themselves at home."

Maybe so. And maybe not. We think the returned GI will be interested in hell—and still interested in hearing about it. And we who have been nursing the homefires of the Church since he's been gone can make up our minds to this, too: he will want to know whether or not we are going to help him remove the *causes* that created the hell he has just been through. If he finds us not willing to help him in that, he will cut us dead!

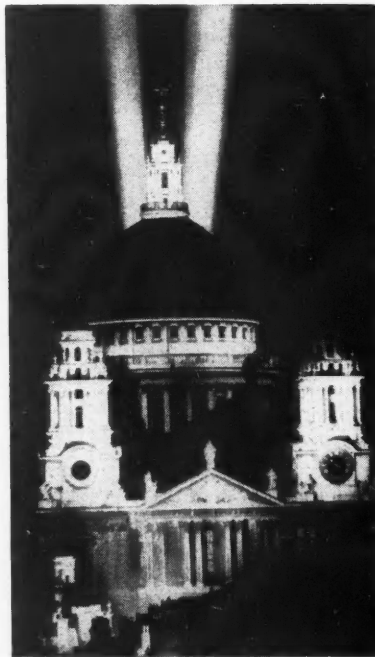
**ATROCITIES:** Paul B. Sullivan, church editor of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, asks that "at least three of the most influential clergymen being heard in American pulpits today" should be sent to the battlefields of Europe immediately to view the famous atrocity spectacles which our eighteen editors and Congressmen recently witnessed. His suggestion reached us the day the war in Europe was over. That was a bit late, but . . .

There are some other atrocities waiting to be witnessed, in the East, and from what we hear, those in Europe may have been mild in comparison. The three preachers might go there; they still have time. It strikes us as a good idea. The word of three leading ministers, chosen carefully from the three great major religious groups in this country, would be hard to shout down. But we have what we think is an even better suggestion.

Why doesn't someone round up a group of our leading pacifist preachers and take *them*. We mean those fellows, for instance, who are still sneering at Yalta and San Francisco, and saying no

good will ever come from any of it because these are "war conferences" and not "peace conferences." We mean the men who have not lifted their little fingers to help, since Pearl Harbor, but who have always been ready to criticize. Why not send them and let them see with their own eyes what would have happened to them—and to us—if Hitler had won? We have a nomination or two, all ready. . . .

**MOTHER'S DAY:** Texas Baptists put on a state-wide Mother's Day celebration this year that's worth mentioning



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*The symbol of victory for all London was St. Paul's Cathedral as it appeared under floodlights on V-E night. Beams formed the Victory sign over the dome.*

even in July. They observed it by putting on a drive in their Baptist Sunday schools and churches to provide hospital care for the underprivileged sick in five Baptist hospitals in the state. All loyal Baptists were asked for a contribution as a personal tribute in honor of their mothers.

That's more like it. We don't want to seem argumentative this month (though we do seem to have our boxing gloves on, so far!) but we would rise to remark that we're getting pretty well fed up on those merchants in our midst who have moved in on our most sacred days and turned them into rackets for themselves. Look at Christmas! Stand on the curb and watch the Easter parade, and think what *that* means to the clothing trade. (Then read the immediate pre-Easter ads in your newspaper, and see how the

trade has capitalized on Easter Day!) Father's Day seems a chance to buy a necktie for Dad—and if you don't, say the ads, you're a little ingrate, and that's that. Mother's Day has become a day when we *must* buy a white carnation—at about ten times the normal price.

**TOLERANCE:** Four great American cities are about to try an experiment in tolerance by education. The cities are Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Milwaukee and South Bend. Programs of systematic teaching in the public schools are to aim at the inoculation of youth and assaults against racial, religious and social antagonisms. The National Conference of Christians and Jews, and other groups, are sponsoring the movement.

Maybe it will get nowhere. But it will be good to try. It has more chance of success, we think, than have some of the hastily drawn anti-discrimination laws, and we are for those laws, too. Good education never did anyone any harm, even if it accomplished only a minimum of good.

We need education in tolerance, *right now*. Something tells us, when we read of statements and actions coming out of the Roman Catholic Church, that the times will be ripe for another Ku Klux Klan, unless some men change their minds and their tactics, quickly!

## TEMPERANCE

**LITTLE BY LITTLE:** The Wets are in a dither over local option. They hate it—and they're a lot more afraid of it than they are of another amendment in the Constitution. And no wonder. Look at this:

Texas has 140 counties completely dry, 70 others with dry precincts. Alabama has 50 dry counties; Kentucky has 85. Arkansas has 25; Louisiana has 18 parishes gone dry through local option since repeal. Minnesota has some 18 dry counties, and Mississippi prohibits the sale of everything above 3.2 beer everywhere—and beer has been voted completely out of 48 counties. In Illinois, more than 1,000 towns, townships, road districts and other political divisions have voted dry; there are 130 precincts in Chicago that have voted back prohibition.

More than one third of the state of Ohio is dry of all hard liquor; 536 towns and townships in Pennsylvania prohibit the sale of all booze—including beer. In Wisconsin there are 350 towns, cities and villages dry as a bone; 75 percent of Maine is dry; there are 59 dry municipalities in Frank Hague's (!) New Jersey! There are 75 communities in the state of Nebraska that have taken the local option road to prohibition.

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# Thanks to You


*...These natives hear the Word  
from a Moody-trained missionary*

A land untouched by the gospel... desperate need among the unevangelized tribes of French-Indo China... Who would meet the challenge?

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*This is one of a series of messages telling  
the story of the Institute ministry*

# CHRISTIAN Herald



JULY, 1945

## THE CAPTAIN WRITES HIS SON

THE letters that reach an editor's office are both the compensation and punishment of those who shape the programs and policies of any journal of public opinion and public service. Editors of CHRISTIAN HERALD have perhaps a unique constituency—a family constituency in the field of religion which is interdenominational, interracial, international and even interfaith. Also, a recent scientific survey indicates that our readership is moving steadily into younger age levels so that now in addition to serving an older constituency, we are definitely a "youth organ." Thousands of copies of each issue go directly into the Services, to both Navy and Army chaplains and to enlisted men. From the Services, or from relatives of service men and women, come now our most rewarding letters.

When I returned from my most recent overseas mission, I found one letter awaiting me that was not laid aside when I had read it once. A young wife and mother wrote of her husband who had been killed in action three months after leaving America, and she enclosed a letter written by her husband to their little son who was not yet two years of age. That soldier-father's letter is so eloquent, so poignant and so Christian that I asked whether I might share it with you. The answer was yes, and in her reply Mrs. Thomas C. McKibben, Jr., of Georgia concludes: "My husband, Captain Thomas C. McKibben who was with an infantry division, was killed in action July 4, 1944. He wrote our son the night before he landed in France. Will you pray that God will give me strength to rear our son to stand for these high ideals and to be a Christian man as was his father?"

This is what Captain McKibben wrote to his "little boy."

Dear curly-headed little boy:

Today I received four letters from your mother. One she wrote for you, saying that you would like a letter all your own. . . . Let us think a little seriously about the years that lie ahead for you, young man. Now there is a terrible war going on. We are fighting that our sons will not have to fight at some later day. But that is what the men who fought the First World War were told. At any rate, son, I hope war is one of the terrible things that you will be fortunate enough to miss. Though I am not in any serious danger at the moment, no one knows what the future holds, but regardless of what happens you may be sure your daddy will be doing everything humanly possible to get safely back to you and mother.



However, there is the possibility that you will have to face the world in the years to come, without a father. So let's look at that possibility and try to imagine what those first years would be like. First, let us see what is still left on the bright side. The greatest asset with which you start life is a brave, a wonderful, a true mother. While you are yet too young to care for yourself, she will stand by you, care and work for you to the last ounce of her strength, and if need be, she will fight for you to the last drop of her blood. She will have the fortitude and character to be both a mother and a father to you. She will face the sorrow and trials of future years as she has faced them in the past and she will still smile at the world. She will do everything to give you the proper care that you may be well trained and educated. You see, before you were on the way to this world, we both faced this possibility and considered it seriously and she said, "If worse comes to worse I will carry on," and I know she will.

What else do you have? Why you still have *you*! You have a near perfect little body, that grows stronger each day and one day you will be a healthy young man. Continue to develop that bright smile and your sunny personality. In later years they will do a lot for you.

Learn to curb your own desires. Develop a character which no man can purchase. Become a well-rounded man. Learn at least something of music and athletics. Enjoy all wholesome fun. Develop a sense of humor. Be able to laugh at the world when it would "irk" you. Grow a strong, clean body.

Read a lot, my boy, but don't become a bookworm. Learn to speak fluently and write well. Someone has said: "Reading makes a ready man and writing an exact man."

Don't believe all men evil, but don't be dismayed when those in whom you have believed prove false.

Of all in this letter I would have you retain, this is most important—Godliness is necessary to a fine life. Early in life I hope that you will learn to look to God for guidance in everything. A Christian life is the happiest and fullest life you can have. A Christian knows that he has a soul that is not imprisoned in this small world and so trials and dangers here become less important. To the Christian these are only incidents along his route to the attainment of a greater life than this world can offer. To the Christian, my son, death is the beginning and not the end.

Should you have to make it without a daddy, it may be a little harder for you and mother. You may have a little less and the opportunities may be fewer, but with courage you will triumph and there will be lots of sunshine and happiness, too.

Do you think that I expect a lot from you, little fellow? Well I do! And if you can do all this and more, "you will be a man, my son!"

Things are never as bright as we hope, nor as dark as we may fear. We shall look forward to the bright day when your daddy will be coming home to his curly-headed little boy and to his little boy's mother. . . .

But whatever may come to pass, remember always that somewhere you have a father to whom you are the most wonderful boy ever to come to this world.

It is about bedtime for such a little fellow. Goodnight and sweet dreams! Awaken tomorrow and turn on again that smile, and on all of your tomorrows, remember to take care of mother until your daddy comes home.

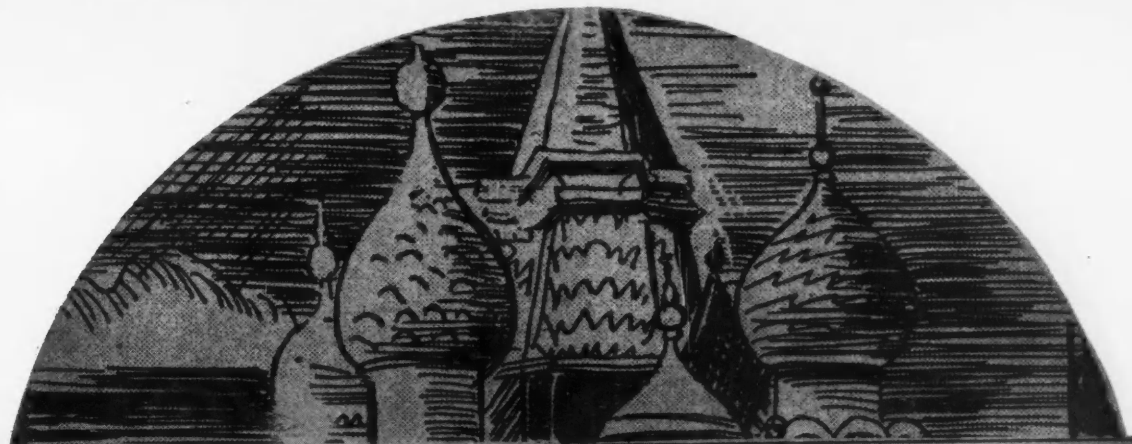
The young father, after an affectionate salutation, signed his name, "Tom."

Yes, the letters that reach editors are both compensation and punishment. But what compensation for any editor there is in such a letter as the one written by Captain Thomas C. McKibben, Jr. to his son!

## Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.



# Religion in Russia



By

JEROME  
DAVIS

THE CHURCHES OF RUSSIA HAVE JUST PASSED THROUGH THEIR OWN GREAT REVOLUTION. HOW GOES IT NOW WITH GREEK ORTHODOX, ROMAN CATHOLIC, AND PROTESTANT IN THE LAND OF THE SOVIET? IT GOES WELL, SAYS JEROME DAVIS, WHO KNOWS HIS RUSSIA.

**F**OR two hours I had been standing in the gigantic and beautiful Bogoyavlenski Cathedral in Moscow—standing in a throng of people wedged so tightly together that it was almost impossible for any of us to move. There were students, colonels in military uniform and thousands of women of all ages, children and babies. The voices of the choir, as they chanted their sacred music, was something to remember. I was being held spellbound by them when I was called out to meet the Patriarch Alexei. He was, at the moment, the most important man in all Greek Orthodox Russia.

Said the Patriarch, "The Church in Russia has been through a revolution.

God has led us a long way, and we are coming out into the light. This revolution has divorced the Church from the state. It purged us of those false elements who were merely serving power and position. Now the people are flocking back to religion, and we have the opportunity of the centuries to bring Christ back into the hearts of the people."

My mind flashed back to the time I had spent in Turkestan under the Czar's regime. The Church then had been subordinate to a state official who was

realistically described as "the Czar's eye." Many of the priests were in effect a sort of super-secret service. They were expected to report on their parishioners to the police. They rarely preached, and when they did their sermons were censored. I know of two priests who were actually unfrocked for expressing extremely mild liberalism.

Then I recalled the days of the Revolution. Church lands had been confiscated. Possibly one thousand priests and forty bishops had died in the Revolution. The Church for a time became a



rallying ground for counter-revolutionary forces who cloaked themselves in the robes of religion. During the famine, many of the Church treasures were seized. Some priests resisted. Many churches were torn down. Near the Kremlin a sacred shrine had been dismantled and the Bolsheviks had written on the wall the inscription which still stands: "Religion is the opium of the people." A militant atheistic society, the Union of the Godless, had been formed to prove to the people that religion was a superstitious myth. The *Without God* magazine, with full-page caricatures of Christ, was circulated far and wide.

Great cathedrals such as St. Isaac's in Leningrad had been turned into atheistic museums which showed every form of religious malpractice throughout the world from Holy Rollers to Indian fakirs. The Church was prohibited from all activities except formal worship. Priests were debarred from voting. But the net result was that the Church was driven back to an individualistic religion. Priests and parishioners alike became sincere believers in the simple Gospel of Christ. The census of 1937 showed that the overwhelming majority of the people still believed in religion and did not hesitate to say so. The Bolsheviks modestly refrained from publishing the figures!

I couldn't help marveling at the profound change wrought in the status of the Church today. Now all priests can vote. The leading Russian Metropolitan bishops have automobiles at their disposal. The churches are highly prosperous. An ordinary choir singer I talked with received five times as much for singing on Sunday in the church as she did for all her factory work for a week. The Soviet Government now pays a Commission to help forward the work of the Church. The Church has its own printing press and its own religious journal. Theological seminaries are being opened to train new priests.

Realizing the far-reaching significance of this revolution in the status of the Church, I asked the Patriarch what was the reason for it all. He said cryptically: "We realize that God is back of what is happening in Russia today."

Involuntarily his reply gives the secret of the tremendous change in the religious life of Russia. It is not so much because the State has changed its policy as that the Greek Orthodox Church has changed its attitude towards the State. Gradually the Russian Church has become convinced that it must work in loyal friendship with the Soviet power. In this result the war has played no small part.

Let me illustrate by a conference I recently had with the late Patriarch Sergei. White haired and with a long snow-white beard almost covering the sacred golden symbol hanging from a chain about his neck, he typified Russian



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*Metropolitan Alexei, Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. In addition to his Church medallions, he is wearing the medal, "For the Defense of Leningrad," which he and three other priests were awarded by the Government. Right: Russian churches, damaged by Nazi arms, are being repaired by faithful congregations.*

mystical authority. Yet he was a scholar of eminence who knew Greek, Hebrew, Latin and Finnish. He told me that the war had made the most profound difference in friendly cooperation with the State. In 1942 he had sent a telegram to Stalin on behalf of the Church which said: "Heartily and with prayer I greet you personally as the leader appointed by God of our cultural and military forces. You lead us on to victory for the welfare of our country and to a glorious future for all our people. Let God bless with success and glorify your great deeds for the sake of our country."

The Greek Orthodox Church has not only proved its loyalty to the Government by donating millions of rubles worth of clothing for the soldiers; it has also given over eight million rubles for

tanks at the fighting front. These tanks are named for Dmitri Donsky, who saved Russia from the Tartar invasion in the fourteenth century. Every Orthodox church has given to this cause. The churches also raised money for the Red Cross—in Leningrad over 5½ million rubles, in Gorki more than 4½ million rubles and in Saratov over 2½ million rubles.

Besides the fact that all the churches of Russia have solidly lined up behind Russia's patriotic war effort, there have been countless instances of individual heroism among the priesthood.

When I was in Odessa the Orthodox clergy of the city invited me to a dinner. All through the war and the occupation, they had been feeding the poor. They

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refused to bow to the German occupationists and at the risk of their lives kept up their prayers for the Red Army. The Dean of the Orthodox cathedral said that he had defied the Nazi curfew law to visit the Russians who had been wounded by the Germans and were dying. The penalty for disobedience was death. On his return late one night, he was challenged by a storm trooper who

In the Crimea, a patriotic Orthodox priest found himself in occupied territory. The German army wanted to take a crucial commanding point overlooking Sevastopol. They seized this priest in his robes with his golden cassock and golden cross. At the point of a gun they made him march ahead of the picked Nazi storm troopers as they attacked. The distance between the two lines was so

Army troops hesitated. The heroic priest raised his cross high above his head and as they came closer called in a clear voice, "Shoot now." A volley of shots rang out; the priest went down, but not a single German escaped.

Priest Alexander Romanushko told of his activities against the Germans. He lived in Malaya Plotnitsa, district of Pinsk. When the Germans marched in he had refused to pray for Hitler. As a result he had been forced to flee for his life. Then the Nazis shot up his home, confiscated everything of value and threatened to kill his sick wife. They stole all the religious ikons in his chapel and his religious vestments. Then they set fire to the village, shot to death an 87-year-old man, arrested the priests, one servant and many others. They sprayed the church with machine-gun bullets, breaking all the windows and leaving the altar a wreck. Priest Romanushko became a guerrilla leader and until the 14th of July, 1944, continued to work in the German rear. He helped to blow up armored trains, ambush Nazi automobiles and free imprisoned Russians. While doing this he regularly conducted religious services, and inspired his followers to drive out the Germans as an act of God.

Small wonder in the light of all this patriotic passion for Russia on the part of the Orthodox Church, that it is accepted and aided by Stalin. This does not mean that Communists have become religious converts; far from it. But they recognize the value of the Church in the patriotic war. Instead of persecuting priests, they have been decorating them.

It is not surprising that the Government has now permitted a two-year course of religious instruction in every diocese in Russia, and an advanced theological seminary in Moscow. It is the first time since the Revolution that theological education had been permitted. Nothing could better testify to the changed relationship between Church and State.

I visited the Novodivichi Monastery in the heart of Moscow, where the seminary is located. Here is also the religious cemetery where many Bolshevik leaders are buried. I saw the beautiful memorial to the wife of Stalin carved out of solid stone. Nearby, very recently, has been erected a life-size statue of the 12-year-old son of Dmitrov, the former head of the Communist International.

I was in the dormitory of the Greek Orthodox Theological Seminary, sitting on one of the students' beds. Around me were some thirty of the students. One was a gray-haired priest of 65 who had come for a refresher course but most of them were young, in their early 20's.

I began talking with Andre Leokevitch Grudiev, 24. He was a Kuban Cossack whose father had died in the civil war



thrust a bayonet into his face. The priest was clothed in his religious vestments, with a golden cross suspended from his neck. He told the German: "I have been administering the last sacrament to a dying man, if that means my death go ahead and shoot." The German soldier, with a muttered warning, lowered his gun and let him pass.

close that everything could be seen and heard by both sides. As the priest marched he began singing in the beautiful musical tone so dear to the heart of the devout Russian. Only this time he was saying in Russian, "Brothers, don't spare me, think of your native country. For Christ's sake shoot me down and drive the Fascist beasts from the sacred soil of Russia." For a moment the Red

fighting against the Bolsheviks. Finishing the eight-year public school course, he had been drafted into the army. I asked him what the soldiers thought about religion. He replied: "The younger fellows while they were in training had no use for God. They never attended religious services. But when they got to the front-line trenches, saw men dying all about them, then they turned back to a genuine faith. I was able to do a lot of religious work in the regiment."

The official Government commission dealing with the Church is called the Council for Religion. It has a fine three-story stone building in the heart of Moscow. I interviewed the chairman, George Karpov, a man of 47. He has had a long



#### CREATE A LIVING MEMORIAL FOR YOUR LOVED ONES

By endowing a cot in perpetuity. Invest \$500 in the life of a slum child. Cot endowment funds are put into bonds and the income from them insures vacations for underfed children. When you make your will remember the children who have no inheritance—not even the heritage of good health.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by \_\_\_\_\_

career in the Communist Party. He believes that there is far more interest in religion now than before the war. "The purpose of our commission is to help the various religious groups with their material needs. We helped the Church secure the building for their theological seminary. Now it is too small; we will get a

larger one. We assist them to secure buildings for religious worship. This year alone, in areas never occupied by the Germans, we have opened 250 new churches. We now have fifty Greek Orthodox churches open in Moscow alone."

He went on to say that he believed the Church will probably play a bigger role than ever in the life of Russia after the war. He hoped that United States Churches would send a religious commission to Russia to see for themselves what was happening. In response to my question whether the churches could now have Sunday schools for children, Karpov said: "The Greek Orthodox Church never had them in all its history. But perhaps, now that there is no religious instruction in the schools, we should permit it. Thus far the Church has not requested it."

The chairman made clear that the Communist Party still regards religious faith as a superstition. Said he: "I don't believe it is possible to belong to the Communist Youth Organization and the Church at the same time. The Communist Youth Organization would probably not expel a member for religious activity, but they would try to educate him to see that the Church, as a relic of superstitious practices, is unscientific."

When we turn to the attitude of the Soviet Government towards the Catholic Church and the Vatican, we have a different situation. As the dominant religion in Russia, the Orthodox faith is hostile to Catholicism and does not recognize the Pope. The Catholic Church has been and still is violently hostile to Communism. The Soviet State has for long been attacking Catholicism. In 1923 Polish Catholics were put on trial for teaching religion, and Monsignor Budkiewicz was executed.

Catholic churches are now allowed to conduct services, but the priests do not have freedom of movement from one city to another. In Moscow the Catholic church was crowded when I visited it. It is headed by Father Brown (from the United States), who is assisted by Russians. In Odessa the Soviets permitted the Catholic priests who had been brought in under the Germans to remain and conduct religious services. In Lublin the Catholic bishop had been appointed on one of the Government commissions. Units of the Polish army operating under the Russians all have their Catholic priests, who told me they had complete freedom.

But there is no question that the Soviet Government feels that the Vatican is definitely hostile to Communism. They know that some American Catholic priests have been outspoken in their denunciation of Bolshevism: The war has not changed the attitude of the Catholic Church. There has been no about-face in the attitude of the Pope and his advisors, as there has been on the part of

the patriarchs and priests throughout the length and breadth of Russia. So mutual suspicion between Moscow and the Vatican remains.

All through the Revolution there have been many Baptist organizations throughout Russia. Recently they have been making rapid progress. Several times I attended their services. They have a fine church building in the heart of Moscow. Never in all my life have I seen a Protestant church so jammed with people. Every inch of space was used. The audience not only packed the pews, but every foot of the aisles as well. The walls were lined with people standing and even the vestibule was full, not to mention the galleries. The service on a Sunday morning lasts from 10 to 12. There are the usual hymns, prayers, Bible reading, choral selections, and in addition there are two sermons by two different pastors. The sermons are evangelistic, dealing with the necessity of getting the spirit of Christ into our hearts. The earnestness and sincerity of the parishioners was amazing. I talked with one man who travels twenty miles every Sunday to attend the morning service, although he works twelve hours in a war plant every other day in the week. American pastors might be willing to endure more hardships to secure such devotion!

Over the pulpit and on each side of the church are huge banners in Russian reading, "God is my strength," "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," "Jesus said, Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Towards the end of the year a four-day all-union conference of Baptists and Evangelical Christians was held. There were forty-five delegates from all over the nation. The chief decision was to unite the Baptists and the Evangelicals into an All Union Council with headquarters in Moscow.

I talked with the elected head of the council, the Reverend R. E. Shidkov. He was gray haired, and he seemed most optimistic about the growth of the Protestant sects. He refused to say a word about any difficulties but did say, "The fields are white unto the harvest." I came away with the profound conviction that the Baptists were going ahead by leaps and bounds, especially in the provinces.

\* \* \*

From all this, it can be seen that the status of religion in Russia has been greatly bettered. Difficulties there still are. The way of faith will not be easy. Communists are still atheists. Young people in Russia have been brought up largely in ignorance of religion. No great religious revival is likely, but a new era has begun. Today the Church in Russia has the greatest opportunity it has had since the Revolution.

By

HENRY NOBLE  
McCRACKEN



# Hatred IS BORN OF Fear

nied by scientific measurements. Their rationalizations of history leave enormous gaps unexplained. If anyone ever thought that hate, or falsehood, or envy, were merely negative abstractions, let them listen to the tramp of ironshod feet, and watch the outstretched arms of millions reaching for understanding and help.

So it is necessary for us to review the evidence, to examine again the claims of the enemies of democracy, and to announce again our judgments upon this evidence. We cannot too widely disseminate this information. Through our thousands of open forums, through our millions of clubs, through night schools and discussion groups on adult education, let us give a patient hearing to the advocates of hate and envy and compare their claims with those of organized religion as the ultimate determinants of man's action. A campaign of American education, such as has never been seen since these colonies became states, is needed today upon the fundamental issue of the hour: *Shall hate displace love as the motivating force of society?*

The child in man loves legends, and the boy in man loves a fight. When the boy's will is led by the child's credulity, then look out. The gospel of hate invents attractive legends. It seizes upon the childhood of the race as its dreamland. It copyrights all the heroes, ballads and epics. It rationalizes all legends into allegories of racial superiority. It sets up images of pagan life as substitutes for the true God of the spirit. It fortifies all these decorative devices with provocative charges of the present time. It obscures the truth by censorship and prevents

(Continued on page 44)

**H**OW does the Christian fight hate? Let Saint Paul answer: "By the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

Because others are intolerant, shall we become intolerant in turn? Because others grow by propagating lies, shall we believe untruths against them? Because others gratify their hatred of the strong by menacing the weak, shall we imitate them?

These are the challenges which the gospel of hate flings in the face of the gospel of love. Never in its history has a greater menace confronted organized Christianity, for it is a menace which not only threatens from without but eats within, like the worm in the bud, the secret envious and disappointments of the Christian which have now become virtues to be flattered and cultivated. The vested interests of entrenched religion are thrown in the scale on the side of property and profits, until the Church which began as the religion of the poor comes to be looked upon as the religion of the rich. Fellowships of kindred tastes harden into social cleavage. As exclaimed four hundred years ago on the burning at the stake of Servetus, "Oh, Christ of love and mercy, do you approve such deeds?"

Confronted by such teachers, there are many indications that organized Chris-

tianity has awakened to its peril, and is on the march in the face of great dangers. Petty divisions are apt to be forgotten, and a unified discipline follows. The Protestant churches have for years foreseen the trend of the world's ways, and through their conferences on faith and order are endeavoring to reach a common understanding in order to maintain their position.

Throughout the United States, thousands of meetings are being held to ascertain the place of religion in society, its relation to government and to human welfare. Under the world pressure of totalitarianism, the United States is going to school again to study a primer of democracy. Above all, we are invoking the common law, the American Constitution with its Bill of Rights, and the American tradition of kindness. This is the army of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.

Those who put their faith in education now realize that only education in democracy and in religion can make righteousness the shield of the nation. Two of the most highly educated nations in the world have recently nailed their theses of defiance upon the door of the house of truth, and have affirmed their faith in falsehood. Their allegations do not bear the light of impartial investigation. Their affirmations of racial superiority are de-





By HOWARD  
RUSHMORE

## We Fought for THESE FREEDOMS, TOO

AN INTERVIEW WITH  
DR. LESTER B. GRANGER, SECRETARY,  
THE NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE.

THE boy shrugged his shoulders and swept a hand across his face, as if cobwebs had been drawn across his vision and he wanted to clear them away.

"I guess we've been wrong, back home," he said to the middle-aged man sitting beside him in the train. "Those boys could really fight. They had plenty of courage and made tough soldiers. Ask the Nazis who tried to lick them and didn't."

The boy had two rows of decorations across his chest, symbols of Italy, Normandy, Aachen. He had spent three years in Uncle Sam's army fighting for democracy and, knowing the price that had been paid for it in blood and death, he was coming home talking democracy.

All of this wouldn't have been unusual except that the boy was a white Mississippian and the man to whom he was talking was a Negro. And the troops the soldier was so obviously and sincerely admiring were also Negroes.

That middle-aged man was Lester B. Granger, executive secretary of the National Urban League and one of America's best-known Negro leaders. The quiet official of the League regards that conversation as not an anecdote, but

rather as a real blow against the race prejudice which has long been a stain on the Christian conscience of our country. He believes there will be hundreds of thousands of white soldiers, such as that boy from Mississippi, returning to peacetime homes to preach that we are brothers created in His image. Others, who believed that message so passionately that they will never return, are remembered by the rows of white crosses under which sleep white boy and black.

Granger leaned forward as he talked to me; his voice emphasizing the deep convictions which have motivated this Negro leader since his boyhood days in Virginia, where he saw at firsthand the need for racial teamwork to make democracy operate on the Four Freedom's cylinders. Now, as secretary of the organization which has as its goal better relations between white and black and a membership made up of outstanding Americans of all colors and faiths, Gran-

ger can look back on two decades of hard work and say with deep personal feeling:

"We had advanced, all of us, toward that goal which was first given to us almost two thousand years ago."

But have the Four Freedoms been achieved?

"For my people there is only one answer: No. We have made progress, as that boy from Mississippi so clearly indicated. There are many other signs that America is ready to work as a team in a society where opportunity must be denied none of our nation's people.

Since the war began, Granger has talked with Negro soldiers and sailors from New York to San Francisco. He has asked them questions, in some cases calmed them down, in others discouraged their impulsiveness and in all cases he has listened with an attentive ear.

"There are about 1,000,000 Negro men



and women in uniform out of our national Negro population of 13,000,000," Granger said. "About the same ratio as total white men and women to those in service. We've all read of the Negroes' heroism. We know about Italy, the Negroes at Pearl Harbor, the Mustang squadron made up of Negro pilots. These boys, like the white GI, are not boastful. They don't like to be called heroes. They fought because they believed America was worth fighting for."

As Granger finished the last sentence, we thought of a lynching we had seen years ago where a Negro had been burned to death and we asked, "Then they do think America is worth fighting for?"

Granger looked surprised. "Of course they do. The American Negro has always been loyal to the traditions of this country. Think back a moment and see if you don't agree."

We knew that the Communists, in spite of hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in an attempt to recruit the Negroes, had not been able to turn more than 1,500 Negroes to the Communist Party.

"It's true that Russia's record of race tolerance has gained much support from my people," Granger said. "And Russia, as a nation, is popular with the Negro, but he is skeptical about the Communist Party program in America. The Christian Front, America First, and the Japanese movement spent funds and did their best to recruit Negroes. They made no headway whatsoever. No, the Negro is an *American*. He wants no part of a subversive movement which would destroy democracy. He wants more democracy, not less. He has exhibited an amazing patience and faith in the United States. Our people will not be disloyal. That is not the danger and every thinking white American knows it. The real danger, as I see it, is that they might lose heart."

Would returning Negro servicemen stand in danger of "losing heart" if they found the Four Freedoms applicable only to Americans of white skin?

Granger whirled in his chair and gazed thoughtfully out of the window. "They're coming back with a mixture of feelings," he said slowly. "A large number have risked their lives overseas and they are coming back to say they are willing to risk their lives again."

He stopped and looked down at his desk. "Remember what they were told before they went overseas about fascism. If they didn't believe it then, they believed it in Italy, on Guadalcanal, in Germany, where they saw what totalitarianism means to minority peoples. Now if they come back to a community where interracial progress has been made, they will be patient. This ex-serviceman of my race will not come back a radical.

a Nazi or a nihilist. He will be more of a democrat than ever before; he knows that democracy is a slow process moving toward a certain goal. He has learned new trades. He has had experience in leadership, in hardship. He is a worthwhile citizen, asking only the rights God and the Constitution give him. But if he meets with rigidity, there could be alarming results. These results might be something that I would abhor as much as you or any American, white or black. And the most important way to guarantee the absence of any such thing as that, is for all of us here to face this as Americans working on a special problem."

And what are some of the things we must do? Granger, a moderate, who knows the problem from two decades of firsthand study, believes:

"We must focus our attention on the employment services and make sure that qualified people get jobs. We must quit thinking of Negro housing, *and think of houses for all people*. Proper medical and hospital care must be extended to the entire nation."

Did he mean that segregation must be totally abolished? Was the nation ready for that measure?

"Various communities have arrived at varied degrees of enlightenment on race problems, and problems must be met on that basis," Granger replied. "It would not be practical in many cities in the Deep South to seek to develop a mixed white and Negro housing project. But neither would we condone any attempt in New England or New York to segregate Negroes. In this year of 1945, we



## Our Purpose

We know the evil which we fight  
In this awful war;

But do we understand the good

We are fighting for?

LT. C. ELTON PUGH, USNR



have a much more articulate and critical Negro population. They know the language if not the content of the Four Freedoms. They are neither Communists, demanding extreme measures or the Ku Klux Klan campaigning for bigotry. They are Americans who have a share in this country and want no more than their rightful part.

"I hope I don't sound pessimistic. I'm not. There are encouraging signs, many of them. I remember teaching school in Carolina sixteen years ago, and not knowing a single white person. Now I can go back to the South (in at least

fifty towns) and I'm invited to talk of problems that could not have been discussed fifteen years ago.

"I look back on those days, happily gone forever, when I wouldn't have been allowed in those speaking halls. I believe that the Christian movement in the schools and churches played an important part in that pioneer work twenty years ago. People, churchgoing members of my race and yours, used to hoot at those interracial Christian groups, but we know now what they accomplished. A great deal of the leadership against the poll tax, for better schools and against lynching came from those very groups.

"The churches can play an important part now. They can help in the matter of public employment services which, in too few cases, give the Negro an equal chance.

"They can campaign for more educational opportunities for Negroes and they can point out that thousands of Negro soldiers and sailors have died in order that free public education might live.

"I have a lot of confidence in these church groups, in God-fearing, loyal Americans of all races and religions. And I ask them to examine the Four Freedoms and to make an honest evaluation of the manner in which Negroes are protected by those same Four Freedoms. And to the extent that the white people are protected.

"They must ask: Does the Negro, living as a citizen of the United States, a fifth, sixth or seventh generation American, have freedom from fear?

"Do they suffer want?

"Do they have the right of freedom of speech?

"They do have freedom of worship. But what are your honest answers to the other three questions?

"Once an honest evaluation has been made, find out what facilities exist that can be used to protect the freedoms. Talk to the Negro leaders of the community. Ask them about schools and hospitals. Pick out specific examples of wrongs and help right them in the American, democratic way. People learn to respect each other as they work together."

Granger paused. "We Americans have lived together for quite some time. We've fought some bitter wars. Now we're awaiting the return of our sons, white and black, who have fought and won the most savage war in the history of the world.

"As Americans, let's have a country that they'll be proud to return to; a country that will *live* the Four Freedoms, in its deeds as well as words. And try to remember that among those returning fathers and husbands and brothers are a million Negro men who were willing to die for a country that they proudly call home.

"Let's keep it a country of which *all* of us will be proud."



**S** AID one of our editors, after reading the replies to Mary Perkins (see "Wanted, a Church," May *Christian Herald*), "Never before, in all my 35 years of editorial experience on this magazine, have I seen such a flood of intelligent, sympathetic, *Christian* letters . . ." Right! What a job you readers did on that one! Everyone wanted to help Mary Perkins find that church; *Christian Herald* folks poured out their souls, wrote with their heart's blood, went "all out" to tell Mary what they had found in their church, and how she might find it. It came to us as just a letter in the mail. It has turned out to be a great religious experience for thousands of us.

WE PROMISED to run the best three letters. We wish now we had promised to run six, or sixteen. But here they are: the three picked as best. First, there is the reply of LOUISE C. PEER, Argos, Indiana:

Dear Mary Perkins:

I should like to answer your letter in the May *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. . . My first thought was, "Dear me, am I an agnostic, too?" Here I have been a church member all my life and taught Sunday-school classes since I was sixteen, and I always thought I was a Christian. Nobody asked me when I joined the Church if I accepted and understood everything in the Bible. I really don't believe any *thinking* person accepts and understands *everything* in the Bible. We aren't expected to. I don't think she needs to worry about what her children will be taught in Sunday school, either, for those who write the quarterlies use very good judgment in picking material suited to the child's age.

The important point in the story of the Creation is that God created man in His own image, and gave him this beautiful world to live in. The particulars are not important. They need not be mentioned to the child who is not old enough to read them, and to the youngster who sees them in the Bible and asks about them, the teacher need only suggest that the *manner* of creation is not particularly important. As far as the story of Abraham and Isaac is concerned, few of us can understand that until we have grown-up sons of our own to give, and it is very hard then. The modern version of that story is on page 18, written by Charles T. Holman in this same issue of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. Thousands of parents today are being forced to sacrifice their first-born and only those who, like Charles Holman, have learned to know and

love the Bible and their Lord from childhood, can accept it with any grace at all. My own first-born is in Germany now. If I have to give him up, may I be able to do so in His spirit! I am not at all sure that I can. Does that make me an agnostic?

When I put a Bible in the hands of a child, as I have often done, I say, "This is God's Book. It teaches us how to live. There are many things in it that you will not understand, now. Perhaps there are some things you will never understand in this world. Paul said, 'We see through a glass darkly. . . I know in part . . . then shall I know even as also I am known.' As we grow older it becomes clear, and we finally feel that probably some day even the most obscure things will be clear."

So I say to Mary Perkins: Your church is right in your neighborhood. It doesn't much matter whether it is Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, or whatever. I hope this will help her find a church-home, and that her children may grow up in the love and admonition of God's Word. It is an erroneous idea that we must agree with everyone in a church in order to be a member, or even that we must agree one hundred percent with the pastor. He is human after all, and quite prone to make mistakes. To stay away from God's House and to rob our children of its benefits on such a flimsy excuse, is tragic.

In second place is ARGYE M. BRIGGS, of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, who writes:

Dear Mary Perkins:

The church you seek is not great or small, it is not wood nor stone. It has many names on earth, and sometimes its names are clouded and besmirched with confusions. It will accept you, as it has accepted all the hungry of heart throughout the ages.

It is the church of all true believers.

You see, Mary Perkins, this church cannot turn anyone down! Its Founder said, "Come unto Me, ALL—" and His Church must be true to Him. True, its branches marry the believers and bury the dead, comfort the sorrowing and give brotherhood among men, but these are merely "extras," created for the welfare of those who follow the Leader. These are the things you have seen, and they are good, very good, but they are extras "tacked on."

You say you could never accept the security of any church, (and I like that word *security*) at the price of your own integrity. Oh, but we have all had to pay that price! The keynote of our church is humility. And a wise man has said that there is no humility without humiliation! Each of us came to a high cliff one day. Across the great chasm at our feet, we saw a most glorious wonderland of peace, and our hearts yearned for it, even as yours is yearning now. But below us, the abyss lay shrouded in dark mists. Then, beside us a friend whispered, "Leap into the dark gulf, unafraid, for He is there, to carry you to Peace!" There was no question of personal integrity at that moment. We leaped, as blindly as helpless children! And He sustained us! We whisper to you now, "He will sustain you!"

You say you cannot accept many of the teachings of the Bible, as interpreted by men. But that doesn't matter, now! From your side of the chasm, the scenery may be distorted and strange. How can it matter how it looks? Perhaps it will be fairer when you see it from the joyous security of the other side, whence you have been carried by His arms. Until then, it *doesn't matter*.

And last of all, you say you have no right. You have every right in heaven and earth! May Jesus Christ Himself give you the understanding to see the illimitable ocean of your right!

The third (and it was a *close* third, too) came from a registered nurse: HELEN MAY YOUNG of Covington, Kentucky:

Dear Mary Perkins:

I have read your letter through many times before trying to answer. How I wish I knew you personally, that we could talk—you and I. When the editor spoke of readers being angry, for a moment I could not imagine such readers, and then I could, for there are those who cannot tolerate such questioning as yours. It does bare one's soul.

May I say that I have met many of you, Mary Perkins? I have been a school nurse for twelve years. Few people realize how closely the spiritual and the physical are intertwined. Five thousand children a year go through my hands—and hundreds of them know me personally. Their homes are always open to me. The stories behind those doors!!! And would you believe it Mary Perkins, ninety-nine out of a hundred of those lives have a religious foundation, whether for good or ill?

I wish you had told us a little about your family . . . what denomination your church was . . . if you have one . . . what of your parents' religious life . . . what of your husband? The ages of your children and whether boys or girls . . . and many more—too many to ask here. You speak somewhat as though you had been reared to believe in only one church, and after disappointment in someone or something, your ideals crashed, and without Christ's spirit in your heart, you began this mad,

(Continued on page 55)

AS Jesus Christ a chance in the peace? Has He a chance against human greed, national and international imperialism? Are there any real Christians among the world's leaders who will stand their ground for Jesus Christ as the new, post-war world begins to be shaped?

Well, I have talked with two who will stand their ground. They are men of England—Britishers highly placed and highly born, who see not through a glass darkly but clearly, who know what must be done, and who told me point-blank that we can hope to do little or nothing in this new world a-borning without the help of Jesus Christ. One of them is Sir William Beveridge, author of the recent Beveridge Plan for social reform which took England by the ears and which is of interest to the whole world beyond England. The other is Sir Stafford Cripps, recent envoy to India and as well known at home and abroad as the King himself.

Beveridge I found to be a man hard on 70. He looks his years—until he starts talking; then you begin to understand how he could capture the imagination of England with his Plan and why he would wish to enter politics when he might reasonably have asked for retirement. He is slender and gray, moves with an elastic step, his body slightly forward. His voice is clear and incisive, his eyes bright and his manner kindly.

We talked first in the Master's House of ancient University College, Oxford. It was his last day with the famous school. He was finishing his packing preparatory to removal to Northumberland and he was working under difficulty because Mrs. Beveridge was ill. Our conversation was broken into by the arrival and departure of school boys who came to say good-bye. Each lad was in the traditional university gown and for each he had a personal word.

Later, we dined together in the Common of the school. Then we sat for an hour in "Dr. Johnson's Room," before the open fire.

Sir William Beveridge is going back to Northumberland because he wishes to live in the heart of the riding (district) that sent him to Parliament. He takes this political adventure with deep seriousness. The recognized leader of the Liberal Party, he hopes for the renaissance of the party, though he has no illusions about the difficulties ahead. However, he said, "There must be a strong Liberal Party to keep both the Conservative Party and the Labor Party in order."

AS WE follow our generals in war so must we follow Christ in peace, say the two renowned British leaders, Sir William Beveridge and Sir Stafford Cripps, in their talks with Dr. Poling.

Always I was impressed with the Christian character of this educator and social statesman. Always he is Christian in his outlook upon life. What he had to say to me was a declaration of faith in the future of man. He said it slowly and precisely, as a British scholar who had thought his way through carefully:

"The moment is at hand," he began "when we shall have to rebuild the whole framework of civilization. I think we shall build badly and fail completely unless we hold firmly to three great foundation principles.

"The first principle is that man is a spirit, but that he cannot live the life of the spirit so long as he is slave to material urgencies. That is the justification for our attack on the social evils of want, disease, squalor, ignorance and idleness through unemployment. It is a program for setting man free for spiritual things.

"The second principle is that our real enemies are not the Germans and the Japanese. Our real enemies are the evil

spirits embodied in those particular nations but not confined to them, the evils of brutality, of self-regarding national policies, of contempt for law and morality. These evils we must stamp out among the Japanese and the Germans *and everywhere else, in ourselves as well as in others.* We should hate evil; we may punish and restrain evil-doers. But we cannot hope to build a world of human fellowship on continuing hate of any human beings. We can build it only on justice and tolerance and recognition of the brotherhood of man.

"The third principle is that we should recognize military victory as being an opportunity, not an end. To take military victory as an end in itself was our crowning mistake after the first World War. Each of us thought then that he could go back to his own vine and fig tree and leave the building of world peace to others. We must not do that, again.

"You know, there are certain deep and important differences between the end-



ing of the last war, and the ending of this one. In the first World War, military victory came suddenly, like a thunderclap in a blue sky. We were still fighting for life against the last German onslaught, in 1918. But this time the approach of victory is long drawn out. (This interview was held before V-E Day. —Ed.) We have long known that our defeat is impossible, but—we still have the Japanese war on our hands, after all these weary years! We shall not have so dramatic an end, this time.

"And there is a more important difference in the mood with which we approach the end. Last time we reached the end of the war in a spirit of optimistic idealism. What Woodrow Wilson had said in America fitted our mood in Britain completely. We thought that war was ended for all time. How deeply we believed that, was demonstrated by the support won by the pacifist movement. Pacifism is not practical in its method, but it is right in its aim.

"This time, we are looking forward to peace in a different mood. When the fighting ends, we shall be deeply thankful, not wildly rejoicing. All of us are more sober about it. Many of us are disillusioned, and prepared to accept the 'inevitability' of war. Must we do that? Must we give up hope of lasting peace, because we failed, once, to secure it? I think disillusionment is the one great thing we must overcome in the early peace years.

"War threatens everything that makes life worthwhile on this planet. War is not the interest or the desire of ordinary people anywhere; they do not wish to commit or to suffer mass killing by flame, famine, explosives or poison gas. Why should they be doomed to do so?

"We must have more faith in human nature than to suppose that mass killing is inevitable; we must be optimistic for the world. *We must make up our minds that war can be prevented.*"

That was Beveridge, the scholar. He has left a deep impression upon the life and thought of England—and the man is not done yet. He still has his hand on the wheel, and he will do considerable steering. Watch him!

**I** SAT with Sir Stafford Cripps in his offices at the Air Ministry. He impressed me at once with his dynamic youth—youth perhaps in comparison with the age of other British leaders, for he is in middle life or beyond. But with the exception of Sir Anthony Eden, he is the most youthful of those in British public life with whom I came in contact.

Physically he is well conditioned. He has no excess flesh and I would venture the guess that he is regular in his exercise. His mind is kept in a fit body.

Unmistakably he is a Christian realist. He was not troubled about Yalta as was Sir William Beveridge, and while both

Sir William and Sir Stafford believe that the conferences of the Big Three were conferences of hope, Sir Stafford definitely was prepared to accept progress without demanding perfection. He said, "Perfectionism may be a greater danger now than either imperialism in Great Britain or isolationism in the United States."

His opening sentence was, "This is a time for greatness and I think the first foundation, indeed the only foundation, in true greatness lies in the moral and spiritual faiths of the people." That sentence defines the man. Some might describe his trip to India as "The failure of a mission," but I would write it, "The



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SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

demonstration of a faith that will yet be vindicated."

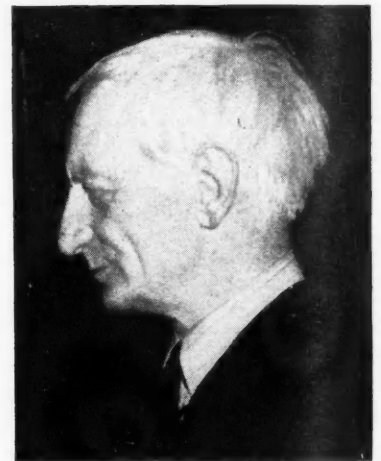
"This is a time for greatness—and I think the first foundation, indeed the only foundation for true greatness, lies in the moral and spiritual faiths of the people. Mere expediency, or the rival interests of individuals, classes and nations, can never form the basis for great actions. Just as in war we are taken out of ourselves and are cleansed of our selfish desires and enjoyments by the call of our community to sacrifice our personal interests in the blood and sweat and tears to which we are summoned, so in the years that lie ahead we must be prepared to follow the call of Christ at least as faithfully and with as great a measure of sacrifice as we have followed our human leaders in time of war. We are called by Christ to help build His Kingdom here on earth. We must spread the inspiration of His Gospel if we are to make any headway against the difficulties that lie before us. We have the promise of His help if we will try.

"The churches cannot lay down the policies which will rule the post-war world. We can only act as part of the machinery of persuasion. We shall surely fail in that persuasion unless we are as realistic in our outlook as those we try

to persuade. Now it is an unfortunate fact that while we Christians have been idealists, historically, we have not always been practical in that idealism. We have earned a reputation for 'pie in the sky in the sweet bye and bye,' rather than for practical measures to produce the best that can be produced, here and now. We are met so often with the argument, 'That's all very well, but . . .,' or 'Yes, but it's no good thinking in terms which assume that all men are Christians, or all perfect . . .'

"We must adapt our thinking to the facts of the situation, and we must not allow ourselves to be carried away by our own emotions. I think we will have to do that first of all in our relations with Germany.

"Here, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' is a sound Christian principle, but it does not mean that we are not to form any opinion as to right and wrong. We are entitled and indeed bound to say that we believe the aggressive brutality of Germany is wrong, and that she has inflicted untold suffering upon many an innocent neighbor. We must beware of exercising our Christianity in one direction only—in the direction of the evil-doer. There is always a tendency among Christians to force themselves to exercise restraint and even friendship toward



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SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

a wrong-doer while perhaps overlooking the victim!

"While we are paying due respect to the brotherhood between the Germans and ourselves, let's not forget that there is equally a brotherhood between the Russians, Danes, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, French, Czechoslovakians, Poles, Greeks, Yugoslavs and ourselves. These peoples are also entitled to our friendship and sympathy!

"To the German people we should say, as Christians: 'We desire to treat you as

(Continued on page 56)



A dramatic moment in "The Valley of Decision." Cantankerous old Pat Rafferty, brilliantly played by Lionel Barrymore, confronts his daughter (Greer Garson) in the presence of his enemy's son, Paul (Gregory Peck) and Paul's friend, Jim

## "THE VALLEY OF DECISION"

Reviewed by The Motion Picture Council of Protestant Women

**A**N OUTSTANDING picture, based on Marcia Davenport's best-selling novel. It is the saga of the Scotts, a family finding fortune and a great name in a Pittsburgh steel mill. It all swirls about humble, lovable Mary Rafferty (Greer Garson), an Irish housemaid whose father (Lionel Barrymore) meets with an accident in the Scott mills which cripples and embitters him, and makes of him as nasty an old man as ever snarled his way across the screen. The mill owner's son, Paul (Gregory Peck) falls in love with Mary—and there you have it!

The steel mill is the backdrop: against its ruddy glow we watch a great and devoted family fight to make and guard their place and their fortune, the bitter, vengeful hatred of the crippled workman, the loyalty of the humble girl, a beautiful love story, the give-and-take of good and evil human relationships. The picturization of the early struggle between management and labor is magnificent; settings and costumes are true to the period. A picture for all grown-ups to see. Don't miss it! (MGM)

### Current Films

REVIEWED BY THE MOTION PICTURE  
COUNCIL OF PROTESTANT WOMEN

#### Audience Suitability:

A—Adults; YP—Young people; F—Family.

**THE CLOCK.** Judy Garland, Robert Walker, James Gleason, Keenan Wynn. (MGM) The exciting adventure of a soldier on 48-hour leave in New York City and of the girl he meets, loves and marries. They meet under the clock in Penn-

sylvania Station, they see the city from a bus, take a subway ride and get separated, meet again under the clock, and decide to get married at City Hall. It is always a race against time. After they are married they enter a cathedral, where they read the marriage service from a book they find in the sanctuary. Only then do they appreciate the meaning of the vows they made in the civil ceremony. The furlough ends. They part under the station clock with the belief that they will soon be together again. **F**

**A MEDAL FOR BENNY.** Arturo de Cordova, Dorothy Lamour. (Paramount) John Steinbeck wrote this story of a group of Mexican-Americans living in a section of a small town in California. The rest of the town folk shun these people until one of their sons is to be posthumously awarded a medal for bravery in the Pacific.

Then the whole town hopes to share in the honor. An outstanding feature of the picture is the speech of the simple father of the hero when the general makes the award in the humble home.

**BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE.** Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Phil Silvers. (20th Cent.-Fox) An entertaining musical, garish and gay. The suggestive dancing could have been toned down. The plot is meager. **A YP**

**CHINA SKY.** Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick, Ellen Drew, Anthony Quinn. (RKO) The story (by Pearl Buck) deals with two American doctors, one a woman, who are helping to care for the sick and wounded Chinese in the present war. They are located at a small village which is the stronghold of a famous Chinese guerrilla band. There are daily air raids; a captured Japanese officer who is injured and plots against the Chinese even while they are nursing him back to health; and there is romance. The picture would have been stronger if it had concentrated more on the Chinese and what they are enduring in this war and less on love triangles. **A**

**SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED.** Yvonne De Carlo, Rod Cameron, David Bruce. (Universal) Not the Salome of Bible fame. The time is 1865 and the locales are the United States, Germany and Austria. A reporter for *Leslie's Weekly* is sending out the story of Lee's surrender and an aide to Bismarck is trying to put through his story to his master on the weaknesses that caused Lee to fail. The American reporter helps the German and later when they are both in Berlin, this acquaintance is used for the reporter to get news of the impending war between Germany and Austria. There is a dancer who preforms in all the places where the plot leads. There is drinking. **A**

**FLAME OF THE BARBARY COAST.** John Wayne, Ann Dvorak, Joseph Schildkraut, Wm. Frawley. (Republic) In most stories of the Barbary Coast, the San Francisco earthquake and fire can be relied upon to save the hero, heroine and the people's morals. There is no exception here. A man comes from Montana to collect a debt. He meets a girl, goes on a tour of the famous gambling houses on the Barbary Coast, loses everything, returns home and learns all the gamblers' tricks and comes back to San Francisco where he regains all he lost and more. He opens a gambling house on the Coast, but the earthquake ruins all. He helps to clean up the city's politics, wins the girl and returns to the wide open spaces. **F**

\* \* \*

#### Previously Recommended:

The Three Caballeros **F**, The Fighting Lady **A**, National Velvet **F**, Music For Millions **F**, Hollywood Canteen **F**, Sunday Dinner for a Soldier **F**, Roughly Speaking **F**, YP, God is My Co-Pilot **F**, Colonel Blimp **A**, YP, Thunderhead **F**, Enchanted Cottage **F**, Picture of Dorian Gray **A**, YP, Brewster's Millions **F**, The Corn Is Green **A**, YP, Gentle Annie **A**, Rough, Tough and Ready **F**, It Happened in Springfield **F**.



# Fisherman's LUCK

By GEORGE E. MAGEE

**S**HE loved him. And she knew it was hopeless from the beginning. But she couldn't control her honest little heart. It had flooded with sudden warmth at first sight of him, shaken queerly, and expanded until it hurt.

He had come chugging across the bay in a boat that brought a twinkle of amused understanding into her eyes. She saw the name, *Fisherman's Luck*, on the dubbed bow, noted the list to port, the tendency to yaw, despite a steady wheel, and knew that the cabin, the fishing chair, and bait-tank were evidently not-too-happy afterthoughts. He leaped out, grinning, made a swift tie, and ran up the springy dock. His fair hair danced in the wind. His eyes were blue as the bay behind him, and his voice the

glad trumpet of a child with a new toy.

"Hi!" he greeted, without really seeing her. "How much is docking space here? I want to use the ways. Put my boat in shape. I just bought her. I'm Jimmy Thorp."

She had to swallow before she could answer. He was so big, so clean, and so goldenly tanned. And the Thorps were the richest people on the Island. "Twenty-five a month for dockage. Five dollars a day for the ways, Mr. Thorp."

"Okay!" he agreed, pulling a crumpled twenty from his watch pocket, and thrusting it into her hand. "She'll take a lot of work. Let's get her out, huh?"

That had been the beginning. They were Jimmy and Sue to each other before night.

Now, evidently, the end had come. For seated behind her desk at the Port

Jimmy worked on the "*Fisherman's Luck*" only when Sue could sit cross-legged in the sand to admire, and to hand him tools.

of Seven Seas—a boatyard that had come to her when her parents sailed for Catalina in the face of storm warning, and never sailed back—Sue Ann Ganette was reading in the local paper that James M. Thorp had returned from South America bringing a house guest, who, the society editor hinted, would become a bride.

The freckles were very definite on Sue's slightly pugged nose as she read. The moving spots of gold in her sea-green eyes had no sparkle. She put a brown hand over her heart to still a sudden pain. Then she grinned tightly.

It had been a nice dream. Her younger sisters needed somebody like Jimmy to manage them. They adored him. Not to mention her own needs. A nice, but an impossible dream for a girl who owned a boatyard, and nothing else. The Thorps owned, among them, enough boats to fill her yard. But only the *Fisherman's Luck* had ever docked or repaired there. Now it probably would stay right there until unpaid fees made

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her the owner. The Port of Seven Seas was like that. A poor man's yard. The boats there were more than boats. They were dreams of men who loved the sea and yearned for freedom.

Many dreams have to be discarded. The yard was full of such. People of little understanding called them "wrecks." Jimmy had understood. "A poor thing," he had admitted, gazing fondly at the *Fisherman's Luck*, "but mine own. And I'd rather fish her than Dad's sixty-footer . . . although—" and he had cocked an eyebrow at Sue "—I don't really know why."

Sue knew. The love of men for boats is measured by their faults, the boats', that is. A spick-and-span, seaworthy yacht brings only pride. Men save their love for cranky, underpowered, and over-canvased hulls. These they will spend their last cent on, and swear to the moment of sinking that no better boat ever breasted a wave. These they will defend with their life against insult or harm. Yes, Sue knew. And yet she wanted to change and improve the yard so that white yachts might anchor there. That would cost money.

Jimmy offered a hope there. He had often spoken of doing something about it. She went back over the happy year. Her eyes filled with dreams as she remembered details. The first day had been wonderful. Working together they had let down the old cradle, floated the listing boat aboard, and tried to start the yard engine to pull the boat up. She had taught Jimmy the routine.

Some boat owners grew angry at trouble. Jimmy didn't. He laughed. Heads close together, they tinkered with the engine, worked the winch, and finally, with the ways groaning protest, the cable threatening and the engine sputtering, they brought the *Fisherman's Luck* safe to the concrete working slab.

Jimmy patted the boat. "Done it!" he cried. "This calls for a celebration!" So they went over to Lupy's and had ice-cream sodas.

Then began the real fun. The keel of the boat was worm-riddled. Jimmy chiseled into the wood happily. "New keel," he decided, and after a bit more investigation, "some new planking, some calking, some tar, and a couple coats of paint. She'll be like new."

She'd watched fearfully. He'd find the boat needed too much. He'd sell her, or just leave her there. But he didn't. Each morning he came sailing across the bay, generally singing some foolish song, his little catboat laden to the gunwales with paint, lumber and tools, his hair blowing, and his grin wide. "Hi, Sue," he'd greet. "How about a little help today?"

She spent all her spare time doing just that. The summer days trod on each other's heels. She knew a solemn, almost domestic, happiness.

Apparently Jimmy felt the same. He helped in the yard. He never did learn—or perhaps he didn't want to—to start the engine alone. But his grin was soothing assurance to the most nervous boat owner. Business picked up. Jimmy moved the *Luck* out of the way, and worked on her only when Sue could sit cross-legged in the sand to admire, and to hand him tools. They talked of many things. He had tried both the Army and the Navy. "Eyes don't track," he admitted. "Funny, I can spear a fish at fifty feet. Say, when I get this thing dinged up let's take the sisters and go sharking. We might make some money."

So they planned. And the thought of being out in the whispering darkness of the ocean with Jimmy was like warm honey on her heart. But in the midst of plans, she knew it was foolish to hope. She had nothing to match his money. She was just an ordinary girl with freckles, reddish hair, and a boatyard that was a waterfront joke. She knew what his parents would say and do. It was a wonder that they hadn't stopped his visits already. Yet knowing this, and, fearing worse, she fell into a habit of coming early to the dock and standing there to catch a glimpse of him setting out from the island. Then she'd go quickly in and be very busy when he came.

The *Fisherman's Luck* was almost ready for launching when he telephoned one morning. "Got to go to South America. Business for Dad. Back in two months or so. Take care of my boat. I'll drop a line when I get an address. So long, Sue."

She put the telephone down slowly as one who lays flowers on a grave. So they had acted. And that was that. She helped any lingering hope to die in the

next month. She gave herself good advice. She worked hard.

And the hope came back with a rush that frightened her when she found a letter from him in the mail. She ran into the office, locked the door, and opened the envelope with trembling fingers. Little soft giggles came up in her throat at the mere sight of his hand writing. He told of the queer doings of the Indians at the mines, of the French farmer who kept in such close touch with the doings of the world. There was also the owner of a great ranch, one Don Martinez, and his daughter. "She's a stunner," he wrote. "Her voice is like black velvet. Run some water into the boat. See you soon, I hope."

She answered in a stilted letter, telling waterfront news. She got no answer. Her imagination ran unrestrained. She hurt inside. *I don't want to see him, I don't*, she'd lie when the hurt became too great. And she'd find herself straining her eyes toward the white landing across the bay, her heart waiting so hard that it forgot to beat and strangled her. She grew snappish with customers and her sisters.

SHE WAS GETTING ready to pull a boat one morning. The engine refused to start. Her hair was stringy with dampness, her hands black with grease, and an irate owner fumed at her shoulder, when she heard Jimmy's warm voice. "Hi, Sue! I'm back. And look what I brought! Margarita, I want you to meet Sue Ann."

Sue wiped her hands before looking up. When she did, she couldn't take her eyes away from the beauty of the Spanish girl. Pale ivory skin. Hair black and shining. Midnight eyes in a heartshaped face. (Continued on page 49)



Her skirt floating about her, her shoes filling with bay mud, Sue Ann had worked to her armpits in chill water. "Do what you can," Jimmy had said before he helped Margarita into the dinghy.



ONE DAUGHTER IN A WORLDLY HOME IS THOROUGHLY CONVERTED TO THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF LIFE, AND ERE LONG THE FAMILY IS FUNCTIONING IN A CHRISTIAN MANNER, EVEN THOUGH THE OTHER MEMBERS MAY NOT HAVE ACCEPTED CHRISTIANITY.



**B**IGNESS may blight as well as inspire. We, the people of the United States, take justifiable pride in the energy and enterprise which have lifted thirteen struggling colonies into a nation numbering more than a hundred and thirty millions. We are thrilled at the vastness of our resources and the greatness of our power.

And yet when things are being done in such a big way, our ordinary individual efforts seem too insignificant to count. When we are mobilizing armies to the number of eleven or twelve millions, a few lives more or less seem hardly to make a difference. When we are appropriating budgets of sixty or more billions, a few hundred dollars evaded in one's

income tax or a few million dollars wasted in some public extravagance seem too small to mention. When we are confronted with the complex problem of post-war reconstruction, the tasks seem so overwhelming that we are inclined to shrug our shoulders helplessly and say, "But what can I do about it?"

Do you realize that when our first census was taken in 1790, the population of this nation numbered only 3,929,214 and that now almost that many people are employed as civilians to run the machinery of our government? Think of it! Almost as many persons employed by the government and three times as many persons fighting for our government as there were citizens a hundred and fifty years ago. Yes, we are a big nation. But as the group grows, the individual tends to shrink. Yet, we must realize and preserve the power of individual personalities.

For this purpose let us focus our

thought on an Old Testament figure named Gideon. In almost every hotel room I find a Bible placed there by a splendid organization of businessmen called the Gideons. Thus the name of the ancient hero is kept alive by a modern group which symbolizes his spirit. Let us recall the outlines of Gideon's career.

The children of Israel were oppressed by the Midianites who had swarmed into the land like a plague of locusts. They had taken possession of the country, driving the Israelites into the uplands where they took refuge in caves and dens. In order to save his grain from falling into the hands of the Midianites, Gideon, the son of Joash, was beating it with his flail on a secret threshing floor. As this farmer's son was engaged at the task, the record is that the angel of the Lord appeared unto him and said, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor."

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# SERMON

## THE MIGHT OF COMMON MEN

## By Ralph W. Sockman



At such a statement some hard-headed realistic readers are inclined to lose interest, for the talk of angels seems unreal, even mythical. Men of insight, however, are not stopped by Biblical accounts of angels and visions. They know that life has moments when the eyes of the mind are opened and faith gets the evidence of things not seen by physical sight. They may not know exactly what happened but they comprehend something of the feeling which Moses had, of whom it was said that "He endured as seeing him who is invisible." Men of insight understand something of what Isaiah experienced when on the day that his beloved King Uzziah died, he went into the temple to pray and declared that there he saw the Lord.

These visions of the invisible are not limited to Bible times. Haydn, the composer, testified that in his moments of inspiration it seemed that the very heavens were opened. Tagore, India's modern poet and much admired philosopher, explained his hours of insight by saying, "Unexpected trains of thought ran across my mind like a strange caravan carrying the wealth of an unknown kingdom." And Robert Ingersoll, unbeliever that he was, said at the grave of his brother that there are times when "faith sees a star and hope hears the rustle of a wing." And have not we all, even you and I, had moments when the spirit world seemed alive and duty called with a voice as unmistakably as if heard by the ear? We do not explain our experiences in the Old Testament terms of "angels," but we too have our visions of truth and our calls of duty as did Gideon.

Let us look again at Gideon and see what happened when he heard his call. The record is that the visitant angel summoned him with these words: "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites." Gideon could not believe that such a mission was meant for him, the son of a poor farmer. He exclaimed, "Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold my family is poor and I am the least in my father's house."

Like ourselves, Gideon could not believe that a mere ordinary mortal would be entrusted with a divine mission. When we speak of men with a mission we think of great personalities, men who start movements, who lead causes, who shape the course of events. We think of St. Paul who melted the cold Mediterranean culture with the glowing gospel of Christ, of St. Francis of Assisi who illumined the dark Middle Ages with the radiance of redeeming love, of William Wilberforce

who aroused the conscience of the world to the evils of the slave traffic—these were men with a divine mission.

But why should not the common man feel that he too is a man with a mission? Our Bible tells us that "God is no respecter of persons." The good news of the Christian Gospel is that the Heavenly Father who has His eye on the sparrow is concerned for the value of each individual, and that in God's sight we are all equal. If every leaf on the tree has its own individuality, if every human finger tip has its distinctive configuration, is it beyond belief to conclude that every human being has a mission, a destiny? My belief is that even the least of us has a place to fill in the plan of God. Browning in his poem, "The Boy and the Angel" pictures an archangel coming down to take the place of an absent choir boy, and the poet interprets God as saying, "I miss my little human praise." In God's eye every one of us counts and in His plan even the least of us has a place to fill.

The new era toward which we are looking after this war has been called "The century of the common man." The implication is that the dignity and value of the plain citizen are about to receive their long overdue recognition. But this devoutly desired goal cannot be attained unless the common man is made to feel a stronger sense of purpose and mission than he now manifests. If the common man is to come into his own rights, he must rise into his own responsibilities. He must not only claim his Bill of Rights, he must accept his Bill of Responsibilities. We cannot healthily have a "government of the people and for the people" unless we have a government "by the people." Too many of us are depending on bigness to do things for us. That is the spirit which paves the way for dictators; and we want none of that in America. Like Gideon, the son of the poor farmer, each of us, however obscure his position, must feel that the eye of God is upon him, that the call of God comes to him, and that the power of God is in him.

Let us go back to Gideon again. The call which he heard was to go forth and save Israel; but the first task assigned to him was to go out and destroy the altar of Baal in his father's orchard. He was set to do a duty near at hand. The principle of constructive action is to start with the tasks next to us.

This is a principle often overlooked. There is an old Hebrew proverb which reads: "Wisdom is before him that hath understanding, but the eyes of a fool are on the ends of the earth." In the

community of my boyhood was a man who well illustrated that proverb. He would go into town every Saturday night and tell the other farmers assembled on the street corners how to run the government. He knew the solutions of all the world's problems. But his farm was one of the most poorly run in the country, his wife was left to do most of the work, and his children ran wild. And there are plenty of his ilk still around. If the world could be saved by words, these talkers with their eyes on the ends of the earth would bring in the millenium. But it cannot be done that way.

We have come to count too much on big talk and big personalities. We are the victims of the cult of publicity. When, for instance, a war bond sale or a community chest fund is to be launched, we think we have to arouse interest by bringing in the glamorous figures of the screen or famous heroes of the battlefield. That is all very well, provided we, the people, do not become mere supine spectators of the spectacular. Morale is stimulated by stars who display exceptional brilliance, but it is far better sustained by the common folk who have the radiant power of encouragement. In his book "The Virginian," Owen Wister made the uncultured cowboy say: "It was neither preaching nor praying that made a better man of me, but one or two people who believed in me better than I deserved, and I hated to disappoint them."

Yes, public figures, however brilliant or able; public voices from pulpit or radio however numerous; government bureaus, however vast and expensive—these cannot save America. It is the contagious confidence of the common man; it is the heartening faith of the fellow who works beside you; it is the mutual fidelities of the family circle and the social group—it is these which make the strength of a nation and offer the hope of redeeming this broken world.

In a speech at Quebec some two years ago, Winston Churchill recalled Count Ciano's reported defense of Italy's attack on fallen France. Ciano had defended Mussolini's murderous stab in the back of France by saying that "such a chance would not occur again in five thousand years." After quoting Ciano's statement, Mr. Churchill added this comment: "Certainly in June 1940 the odds seemed very favorable to Fascist ambition and greed. It is not given to the cleverest and most calculating immortals to know with certainty what is their interest. Yet it is given to quite a lot of simple folk who are led of God to know each day what is their duty. The strength of a nation is in such simple folk who are led of God to know their duty and who are fortified of God with courage to do it.

And we must remember too that when  
(Continued on page 52)



# The KINDEST MAN IN TOWN

**A** DRAMA has been unfolding in a town I know very well. The scene . . . like the setting for many dramas these days . . . is a war factory. Everyone possible has gone to work in this town—mothers, "Victory Shifters" as we call the high-schoolers who work twenty-four hours a week during summer vacation, retired elderly men . . . and Della Childs.

Everyone talked about it with admiring eyes, the day Della came to the plant and applied for a job.

"It just shows how everybody is cooperating," they said. "What do you suppose she can do? But isn't it marvelous that she wants to try."

For you see, Della Childs is somebody "special." She is young and her family are comfortable people, who have given her everything they could. Because, no matter how much they gave her, they could never make up for the fact that Della is a cripple, a twisted, grotesque cripple. You couldn't see her without wanting to give her whatever she wants.

And that, of course, has made a tyrant of Della Childs. Someone all of us pity, and few of us love. Nobody has ever made Della do anything on earth she didn't want to do, no teacher, no playmate, no friend. She's had her way so long and so much, that she wants nothing at all; her expression shows petulant indigestion of the heart.

When she came to the plant and applied for a job, the personnel department sent her over to Ed Smith. Everybody in town approved of her being sent over to Ed's department, for Ed is like a mother to his girls. Ed is like a mother to everybody . . . the kindest man in town.

It was a ceremonial procession that came into Ed's department that first morning, the personnel manager, carrying the application Della had just filled in, two unimportant anonymous applicants, and Della herself. You could have heard a pin drop (or a monkey-wrench, anyway) as they came through the shop. The whining drag of Della's two canes, and the skip of her useless foot were the

only sounds. And many eyes were misty.

"Here's somebody we thought might fit into your department, Ed," the personnel man said, and Ed looked up from the machine he was timing, and then looked down again as if he had seen nothing unusual at all.

"Sure, I'll give you a job," he said, "if you can do the work." A wave of surprise went over the whole department, and this time you really could have heard that proverbial pin.

He went right on with the business,  
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# By Margaret Lee Runbeck

calling over another girl and asking her to show Della how the winding machine worked.

Della was pretty good at it, after a day or so. She was terribly pleased with herself, too. The whole department stood out in italics for a few days, before everybody accepted the fact that Della Childs was working, just like anybody else.

But she didn't report on time in the morning. The timekeeper would have excused her. But not Ed.

"If you want to belong to my department, you've got to keep up with us," Ed said to her privately.

"But . . ." She looked surprised and hurt. After all, she was a heroine; she was working in a war plant, just as though she were completely able-bodied! He didn't seem to realize . . . But none of that she said in words; she only stirred pathetically in her chair and shifted her two canes eloquently.

Ed said, "The distance over here from your house is no farther at ten minutes before eight than it is at ten minutes past. You'll have to make it on time tomorrow."

But the next day she was late again. This time Ed spoke to her in front of the others.

"We have a record in this department, Della," he said kindly. "We've got three marks against us this week. You're responsible for every one of 'em."

Della simply couldn't believe it was happening. Nobody had ever rebuked her before. The other girls in the department were furious with Ed.

"He's getting to be an old crab," they said. "The poor kid, who cares about the record anyway!"

Evidently not Della, for the next day she was late again. That was a crisis, an openly declared defiance. Ed had no choice; he had to fire her.

That night he said to me, "Hardest thing I ever did. Half the kids in my shop aren't speaking to me."

Then Della did an unexpected thing. She came and asked to have another chance. But she wasn't ready for another chance, and the same thing happened again. So Ed fired her again.

He said to her, "Della, if you didn't feel so darned sorry for yourself you could be a real person."

When he told me about it, he said a strange thing, "If Della has her way this time, she's lost," and his face was full of the sadness that he couldn't avoid, being the kind of man he is.

As he talked I could see that the unequal contest between them was no ordinary conflict. For, even though he seemed to be against her, Ed was really

fighting on Della's side. I knew that if Ed won this fight, the gain would not be for him, but for the little lame tyrant.

She stayed home and sulked for two days. Then she came back the second time and asked for the job again. This time she reported every morning on time. And she settled down to showing everybody how much she could accomplish. Mostly to prove to Ed how wrong he had been about her.

All her life she had been conspicuous; she was used to it. But now it seemed she wanted to stand out from the crowd for a new reason. She wanted to excel. She wanted to compete on ordinary normal terms, and to excel. She pegged up a new record on the winding machine. Another girl overtook her. Horrified and indignant, she refused to compete. She fell back on her old prerogative of self-pity.

"I'm disappointed in you, Della," Ed said. "I thought you had it in you."

"I have," she said, and she spurted ahead and made a new record.

But she still wasn't a very pleasant person. She was still arrogant and whiney and sensitive. In fact, she was a little worse than ever, for she had two things to be arrogant about now: her crippledness and her expectation of praise for having overcome it.

Ed, however, hadn't finished with her. She had been working nearly six months for him by now, and Ed was really pretty proud of her. So proud of her that he expected even better things of her.

So one day he said, with casualness to mitigate the cruelty, "Everybody looks pretty in my department. Everybody but you, Della."

"But I . . ." Her face was scarlet, and she was ready to dissolve in tears. Ed, his own face clenched with intensity, went right on.

"You look sour, Della. You kind of dare people to fight with you, because you know nobody will."

That nearly threw her. Then she said, "I can't help the way I look."

"Sure you can," Ed said. "For one thing you could get a nice wave put in your hair."

She said she didn't feel well after lunch, and she went home. But Ed was the one who really looked sick.

When she appeared the next morning, pale and determined, Ed was the one who looked as if he would burst out weeping.

Telling me about it, he said, "Couple of days later she asked me what I had meant, speaking like that to her."

"Why you could be beautiful," I said, "Cripples can be the most beauti-

ful people in the world, if they've got any sweetness in them. Everybody wants to love a crippled person, Della. Everybody wants to help them. Why don't you let people love you the way they'd like to?"

I don't know what she said to that. But a few days later I happened to be in Ed's living room when the telephone rang. His daughter, Mary, answered and handed him the phone.

"It's for you, Daddy."

We could hear a twittering feminine voice, excited and high, trilling in the receiver, and Ed had a wonderful look on his face. "Why, of course you're beautiful," he was saying. "I knew you'd be beautiful." The voice in the receiver went on, and now it was asking him something and he was hesitating. Then he said, "Sure, I'd love to see it . . . but maybe they won't want me in a beauty shop . . . Well, all right then. I'll be down in ten minutes."

I drove him down. She was standing in the door of the village beauty shop, leaning on her two canes. But her face was radiant under her lovely hair.

It was probably the bravest thing she ever had done, breaking through her own sensitive humiliation enough to make the appointment.

The town, not reasoning about it, knew it was a brave thing, and they were quick to love her for it. For a week or two, they made too much of it. The girls brought little bows for her to wear in her hair; somebody gave her a pair of gay earrings. Then the novelty wore off and they treated her just like anybody else.

And that, of course, was the miracle. *They treated her just like anybody else.* All her life she had wanted more than anything else to be like other people. And it had taken a man divinely kind . . . divinely blind . . . to see that she could be treated like other people.

Back to all of us, to our villages and our hearthstones, will be coming boys with whom we will need to be divinely blind. Twenty thousand wounded men are being returned now every month. We must prepare for those homecomings, so we will not ignorantly wound those very ones we welcome. For what our men see in our eyes when we look at them will determine their futures, and our own.

We must think it all out clearly before they see us for the first time. We can begin by realizing what it is that makes a man. Not so many pounds of body, surely. Bodies are the smallest part of the people we are, and the people we love. The body is but the page on which the man is written. We read him best who love him most.

Only strangers see each other physically, the crooked tooth, the too-short nose. As strangers turn into friends, the face gives place to the mind. We worry

(Continued on page 45)



By  
RUTH  
GILBERT  
COCHRAN

# Miss Barton's BOARDERS

[PART FIVE]

**M**ARIE ANTOINETTE approaching the guillotine must have felt much as I did when I turned into the Longfellows' dooryard and started up the neat brick walk. The white frame house, set square and uncompromising as a houseboat in the exact center of its clipped green lawn, was saved from ugliness by the heavily laden vines of rambler roses growing completely over the wide *porte-cochère*—a relic of the horse-and-buggy heyday when this very house had served as tenants' quarters for the Barton estate.

In all my life I had had no direct dealings with the law, and I was trembling inwardly as I rang the doorbell, but I stiffened my shoulders, hoping that my part in the grim interview to which I was committed would be brief. Helen Longfellow, Prilly's dark, vivacious little

mother, admitted me, and took me at once to the doctor's study. "Phil," she chirped, "here's Abby!"

"Thank you, my dear," Phil disentangled his long legs from his desk chair and stood up, following the example of a tall, smartly tailored younger man who had jumped to his feet the moment I entered the room. "Abby," Phil said, "I want you to meet Eugene Wrightson, from Washington. Mr. Wrightson, Miss Barton." I nodded, and the young chap, who had the most compelling hazel eyes I had ever encountered, set a chair for me beside his own at the left of the doctor's desk.

"I'll run along," said Helen smiling, "but I'll advise you to lock this door if you want to be sure that Prilly won't pop in. That errand won't take her long, and . . . you know Prilly!"

"Hmm, let's see," mused Phil. "A lot of separately written capital letters. A line each of Z's, M's and R's. And then Madame's signature, written six . . . no, seven times."

"I do," Prilly's father said feelingly. He gave Helen's plump shoulder an affectionate push, and turned the key in the lock. "Now then," he said, seated again. "I guess we can spare Miss Barton all but the essentials of this gruesome business, Wrightson. Suppose you tell her why the F.B.I. is interested in the woman we buried last Friday."

Before he began to speak, Mr. Wrightson identified himself to me, holding out a very official-looking card in a leather case. "I'm sure you can help us, Miss Barton," he said, and his suave, controlled voice was as honest and severe as his gaze. "This Elsa Reiner, who served Madame Rodinoff as her personal maid and companion for the past six months, was in reality a dangerous German spy, directly connected with a Nazi outfit."

"Good lands!" I gasped, and added, "But Madame told me her maid was Swiss."

"I've no doubt the lady believed Elsa's



## Illustrator

KARL GODWIN



He was keenly interested in the midnight phone call, and in Madame Rodinoff's short conversation with Mr. Walker.

"You say Walker was about to return one of the papers the lady had tried to burn," Mr. Wrightson snapped. "And that Miss Longfellow's dog grabbed it again and carried it under the porch. Is it still there?"

I hesitated just a second, and then I opened my purse. "No," I said. "It fell through a grating into the cellar, and I went down and got it. Here it is." I held out the charred scrap, letterside uppermost, and Mr. Wrightson read the incomplete sentences in silence. Then he turned the paper over, as I had done, and whistled softly.

Phil leaned over curiously. "What's up?" he asked. "May I see it, too?"

"Why, yes, Doctor." Mr. Wrightson smoothed the paper out so that we could all read it. "What do you make of this?"

"Hmm, let's see," Phil mused. "A lot of separately written capital letters—a line each of Z's and M's and R's. And then, the Madame's signature, Zaida Muller Rodinoff, written . . . how many . . . six, no, seven, times. Well, I'd say that because her right hand was very badly burned, the lady was afraid her writing might look different—shaky, you know. That was a darned big check her butler was to present at the bank, and, naturally, she didn't want it questioned. So she wrote out her signature time and again, forcing herself, in spite of the pain, to write just as she usually did. And she's capable of a stunt like that, believe me. She's a hard, strong-willed old vixen, if ever I saw one. I told you, Mr. Wrightson, how unfeeling she was about the Reiner woman's death. Hustled me and the undertaker to get the funeral over with . . . never seems to have occurred to her that anyone with a heart would have tried to get help to the maid instead of hauling her jewelry and clothing out of that burning compartment!"

"Interesting," Mr. Wrightson murmured. "Thank you, Miss Barton, for your help. I know you'll regard our talk here as absolutely confidential."

"Of course," I sniffed.

"One thing more . . ." the lowered voice was very persuasive. "Do you think you can put on an act? I mean, I want to stay as a guest at your house for a few days, and when I drop in some time this afternoon, I'd prefer to have you greet me—whether anyone else is around or not—as a total stranger. Will you?"

"I don't like it," I sputtered. "Getting

story," Mr. Wrightson grimaced. "She had very plausible credentials. But Elsa, whose last name was really Lichtmann, was arrested by the British and convicted of espionage in the first world war. She was a hairdresser then, on a North German Lloyd passenger liner, and a very valuable aid in securing false passports to this country. Before we entered that war, she was serving a prison sentence in England, and later was exchanged for a German prisoner-of-war. She kept out of trouble, then, for a good many years, working in beauty-shops in Berlin, and then in a Swiss resort. But the lure of big money was too strong . . . I shan't go into details. She joined a Nazi ring, came over here early in 1941, and was rounded up, about a year after Pearl Harbor, with a group of agents who were supplying the German government with information."

"Rounded up?" I echoed. "You mean she was arrested over here?"

"Yes," Mr. Wrightson assured me, "she was arrested. In a little tavern over in Jersey, where she was working as a cook. She was indicted the following July, and her bail was set at a high figure—twenty thousand dollars. Her lawyer was able to raise it, and the lady

jumped it. You know what that means, I suppose?"

"Mmm, yes," I said. "She lit out, and whoever put up the money had to forfeit it."

"Exactly. We soon picked up her trail, but she didn't know that. We were interested in the contacts she might make—or try to make. Also, in the various disguises she assumed—and Elsa was a past master at that, Miss Barton." He looked at me very keenly as he spoke, and I felt my cheeks flush.

"Are you implying," I asked slowly, "that I might be harboring one of her contacts, as you call them? Why, I never saw Madame Rodinoff in my life until she spoke to me at the hotel here in town last Saturday morning!"

"I'd like to hear about that," the investigator smiled, "and everything else you can tell me."

I could have wrung his neck for getting me so flustered, but I told him the whole tale calmly enough. Phil broke in, chuckling, when I was trying to describe Madame's personal appearance, and repeated Prilly's comments on the subject, including the wig and the false teeth, but Mr. Wrightson merely wrote a short memo on a little pad he was holding, and motioned me to continue.

involved in goodness knows what kind of a mess, all on account of that hateful woman. I'd rather send her packing back to the hotel. . . ."

"No, you mustn't do that!" Those words cracked like a whip, and I remembered, all right, that I was dealing with issues more important than my own personal likes and dislikes. "Trust me," Mr. Wrightson urged, "I'll be very grateful if you'll fall in with my plan."

"All right," I sighed resignedly. "Come over when you're ready, and I'll pretend I never laid eyes on you before."

"You're a good sport, Miss Barton. Wait. Shut your eyes while I count three, then open them."

around my head like bats. Why had the F.B.I. man told me so much about Madame Rodinoff's maid, and then suddenly switched to Madame, herself? Did he really believe that my guest. . . ? No, I wouldn't put that thought into words—yet. I had let him take the letter. Well, he could put whatever construction he wished on that, and if it agreed with the half-formulated suspicion in my own mind, I'd find out plenty soon enough. All I had to do now was to stand in the sidelines and keep my mouth closed.

I took a few deep, bracing breaths of the fresh lake air, and felt more relieved in my mind than I had since my telephone call from Phil Longfellow. My silly

I was in a mood for avoiding talk, myself, just then, and thankful she asked me no questions. I agreed that it would be an excellent idea for her to rest in her room until tea-time, and heard her lock the door behind me with real relief. Now, at last, I could stop being a landlady and just be poor, tired, confused old Abby Barton, sitting in her own kitchen for a few peaceful hours . . . and getting her nerves in order for whatever might next befall.

I don't know a better sedative than to sit in an old rocking chair by a breezy kitchen window with a soft, purring kitten in your lap. Animals are content with so little, and they're so trustful . . . don't tell me they can't teach us humans a lesson. Just to see Daisy Belle yawn and settle down, a little ball of gray fur, in my lap, soothed me a lot.

So much so, in fact, that I dropped off to sleep, sitting there, and had just roused to the realization that the front door bell had rung at least twice, when voices in the hall brought me fully awake.

"You just wait right here in the south parlor . . ." that was Prilly speaking . . . and I'll look around for Miss Abby. I shan't be long, so don't go away!"

"Don't worry—I'll stay put," Mr. Wrightson, of course, bringing Prilly over to introduce him to me. All right, I'd play the game his way. I leaned back again, apparently sound asleep, and Prilly had to shake my shoulder before I opened my eyes.

"Miss Abby!" she said in a piercing whisper, and then more naturally, "Golly, you *were* dead to the world. Listen, I've got a new boarder for you! Honest. And he's awfully nice. The strong, silent type."

"Uh-huh," I muttered.

"Wake up!" Prilly was impatient now. "He's waiting for you . . . I left him in the south parlor and I don't want him to get away! He was at our house for lunch today, and Daddy says he can vouch for him, if you want a reference. He only has a few days' vacation, and I told him I thought you'd love to have him here. We could put him in that little room back of Madame Rodinoff's. He says he'd like that."

"He does, does he?" I was over by the kitchen mirror, now, smoothing down my ruffled hair. "Well, let's go talk to him."

Mr. Wrightson carried out his part in the farce with perfect self-possession, and I did my best, for Prilly was hanging around, as I had expected, and that put me on my mettle. He approved of the room—a sort of back-parlor, furnished with odds and ends, including a comfortable couch—and we three were just going out into the hall when Vivian Dunbar, looking angry and tearful, made a stormy entrance by the front door. She

(Continued on page 53)

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*She started to step back into her room, but Mr. Wrightson sprang to her side and held out his hand for the glass. "Permit me, Madame, to bring you some water."*

I obeyed, grimly.

"Now," Mr. Wrightson grinned, "do you know where that bit of burnt paper is?"

I looked down at the desk, then at Mr. Wrightson's lean brown hands, held open before him.

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Good. Tell your guest just that and no more, if she inquires about it. Good-bye, now. I'll be seeing you soon."

I had thought that I had my feelings pretty well under control, but when I walked out onto the Longfellows' porch, I was forced to stop and lean against one of the pillars before I started down the steps. I seemed to have no bones in my knees, and no sensation whatever in my feet. Unanswered questions whirled

old knees were behaving now, too, and I found I could walk down the steps and out of the yard without a quaver. As I reached my own gate the old Methodist church clock way down on Main Street sighed out twelve deep notes. Mercy on us, here was the whole morning gone, and me with no more idea of what was in the icebox for Madame Rodinoff's lunch than if I'd been away for a year. "First things first" has always been a good backbone-straightener for me, so I put every other consideration firmly to one side, and whipped up an appetizing little meal in short order.

Madame enjoyed it, as usual, but favored me with very little conversation. What she did say was decidedly on the grumpy side, but that didn't bother me.

# Tea-Time CHAT



By MARTHA TODD

**W**HERE to begin this month! I've got so many things on my mind, it's a real job to know what to start with, and if I'm not careful, Mr. Mead will have to whittle this down an awful lot (*he didn't—Ed.*), to have room for something else in **CHRISTIAN HERALD**.

All those letters for our Exchange . . . ! I was going to call it the Woman's Exchange, but the first letter that tumbled into the mailbox was from a *man*! So, maybe we better drop the word, "Women's" and just call it "Our Church Exchange." I sure don't want to discourage anyone from sending in *his* or her ideas. All you folks have been very generous in your response and I'm happy to have your fine letters. They are so helpful and from the looks of things, I'm certain that there are more ideas abroad in these United States than we'll ever be able to print, but I sure am going to do my very best to share all that I can. So keep your letters coming, and we will keep the ideas rolling.

But before I go into those letters, let me tell you that Mrs. Maria Johnson of Jonesville visited me and I asked several folks in to meet her. She started telling us about the vacation school at her church. I remember daily vacation Bible school as one of the happiest times of my childhood and it's been a wonder to me that more churches haven't taken up the idea. Some one asked just what a vacation school was like. I've forgotten all that we did w-a-y back in the time when I went, so while I was replenishing the cake and sandwich plates, and getting

more hot tea, Mrs. Johnson described the school at her church. She said it is a sort of supplement to Sunday school and affords children some type of constructive activity each day. This incidentally relieves their mothers for at least a part of the day and allows them to do some uninterrupted housework.

Maybe because I had a fair amount of vacation schooling, I am partial to the idea, yet I do think it has a lot of value because you can show the young-uns that Sunday school and all the things that they learn and do there can be fun as well as being valuable.

Now if you have never been to vacation Bible school, I'll tell you what it is like. A well-balanced program is arranged that includes music, games, handcraft (basket-weaving, modeling, painting, woodworking, etc.), Bible history and geography. There's also dramatics, that is, the acting out of Bible stories which painlessly informs the youngsters about the everyday life of Bible times. Well, you can see how valuable this schooling can be for the child.

But now to get to those letters . . . first, there's that one from our male correspondent. He's Arthur E. Woodroffe and hails from Denmark, Iowa. After paying a gracious compliment to this new **HERALD** department, he says that the Women's Union in his church, the Denmark Congregational, is divided into circles, thus dividing up the work of sewing, banquets, lunches at farm sales, etc. At a meeting, the circles all complained about serving at the Mother and Daughter Banquet because those working could

not enjoy the gala occasion. Up spoke the Sunday-school superintendent: "Let's have the Men's Class do it!" He was immediately appointed to carry out the idea. And so at the last Banquet, the men did all the kitchen policing. It was discovered that the men were not so awkward with a tea towel or a gravy ladle. . . .

The men had lots of fun too doing the work, adds our Denmark friend. Which goes to prove it's always fun working together. Thank you, Mr. Woodroffe, for taking the time to pass your experience along to us, and I know your vote of confidence in this department will be very much appreciated by the editors. (*It is—Ed.*)

Our next letter comes from North Carolina, with a suggestion and also a question. I'd like to have you think about the question, and perhaps some of you will have an answer for the writer. It's a question that many groups are asking.

Mrs. Lee Evans of Waynesville tells us how the ladies at her "weak country church" raise money for their various projects. They are all farmers' wives and have little ready cash. But from cattle-feed sacks ("which is better material than you can buy," she says) they make many useful articles for the home—aprons, scarfs, bed linen, children's clothing and so on. These they sell at their "Country Store" between November first and Christmas. Demand always exceeds supply. Last year they made payments on the church piano, a stove, quarterly offerings and orphanage offerings.

Her p.s. asks the burning question: "Our biggest problem is getting members to meet for regular meetings. How can we do it in a farm country?" Mrs. Evans, this is a question that every church asks, whether it is in a farm country or in the city where transportation is not such a problem. I've published your problem because I know that churches in localities like yours will share their experiences with you, and help you make your meetings the success we all want our meetings to be. Our hats are off to the ladies in your church! What a wonderful record, and what a labor of love! You farmers' wives of Waynesville have certainly challenged us all!

Well that's all the letters we'll have space for this month. Special thanks go to all the correspondents whose letters could not be published. They may be used another time; they are all helpful and inspiring—keep them coming!

And just one more thing before I say good-bye until next month. The 18-year-old son of one of my neighbors left for the Army last week and like the good mother Mrs. Fox is, she has already sent off a box of her boy's favorite cookies—as a morale booster and to help keep him in touch with home. She found that these fruit-nut cookies were easy to pack and so I asked her to give me the recipe—

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JULY 1945

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

JULY  
1

SURE PROSPERITY  
PSALM 1

"WHATSOEVER he doeth shall prosper." That, I am thankful to say, is a mis-translation. I am thankful, because that statement is frankly not true. Some whose delight is in the law of the Lord do not succeed financially. What the Psalmist is saying is really this: "In whatsoever he doeth, he shall prosper." His bank may break, his crops may fail, his body may be racked by pain, his loved ones may pass away and his friends prove false, but the man himself secure within the will of God shall surely prosper.

*We thank Thee, our Father, that in Thy fellowship our inward prosperity is forever sure. Amen.*

JULY  
2

GETTING WHAT WE GIVE  
PSALM 7

"HE . . . is fallen into the pit which he made." This pit was dug for an enemy, but the man who dug it for his foe fell into it himself. That often happens. Life is a bit like an echo. As we speak, so it speaks back to us. Just across the river from the field where I worked as a boy, there was a rugged cliff that had an echo. When I was in need of a kind word, I could win one by simply speaking kindly to that cliff. But a harsh and bitter word would result from speaking harshly. So I have found it among folks. Generally speaking, they treat me just as kindly or as cruelly as I treat them.

*Lord, give us the grace and the wisdom to give to others what we should like to receive for ourselves. Amen.*

JULY  
3

TO KNOW IS TO TRUST  
PSALM 9:1-10

"THEY that know thy name will put their trust in thee." Names among the Jewish people were meant to be descriptive. The parents of Samson so named him because he was sunny. To know God's name, therefore, is to know God Himself. Years ago I invited a dear friend, a layman, to help me in a revival.

The situation was unusually difficult. Soon some of the most earnest began to lose heart and to say that our undertaking was impossible. To all these my friend gave the same answer, "You would not talk like that if you knew my Lord as I know Him." Thus knowing him, this friend grandly trusted and grandly won.

*Lord, we thank Thee that the better we know Thee, the more we trust and the more we trust the better we know. Amen.*

JULY  
4

THE PATRIOT  
PSALM 137

HERE is a Psalm that was born of an intense patriotism. The author loved his nation with passionate devotion. The Psalm was also born of an intense hatred. Such hatred was perfectly natural under the circumstances, but it was also blind and unChristian. True patriotism on my part ought to help me to appreciate the patriotism of others. As I love my native land, so the foreigner loves his. But to some, patriotism means not so much love for his own land as contempt for that of others. Such patriotism is neither sane nor Christian. If we are to love our neighbors as ourselves, that is to hold for the nation as well as the individual. Hatred either for the individual or for the nation may bring harm to the hated; it is sure to bring harm to the hater.

*We pray Thee, Lord, to help us love not only our own nation but all the nations of the world. Amen.*

JULY  
5

THE CYNIC  
JOB 1:6-12

"DOETH Job fear God for nought?" This question was asked by Satan, the Cynic. The safest way to slander is by a question. If one makes a false assertion about another, he may get into trouble, but by asking the right kind of question he may be equally damaging to his victim and at the same time play safe. Satan being a cynic does not believe in goodness, either his own or that of another. By this question he is telling God how blind He is in thinking that Job is good. Satan himself is not so easily taken in.

*We pray Thee, Lord, to increase our faith both in Thee and in our fellows.*

JULY  
6

VICTORIOUS SUFFERING  
JOB 1:13-22

THE Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." This is not the shout of a Freshman in the school of faith. It may be easy enough to praise God when "the sea of life is smooth and every moment jeweled with a joy." But it is quite different when the tempest is bursting upon us and is sweeping away all that we hold most dear. What a mighty faith it took for this man, standing amidst the ruins of so much that he held priceless to shout: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

*Grant us, Lord, so to know Thee that we shall trust Thee, not only in the sunshine but also in the shadows. Amen.*

JULY  
7

AN UGLY LIE  
JOB 2:1-10

"ALL that a man hath would he give for his life." Too often this is quoted as authentic scripture. In reality this is one of Satan's ugliest lies. It is true that all that some men have will they give for their lives. During the stress of this war every nation has had its quislings. But always there are others who possess values that they hold far dearer than life. In fact the man who has no values that are worth more than his own life is poor indeed. It is not such poverty-pinched souls that help to enrich the world. All the progress that has come to our world has come at the hands of those who possess something more priceless than life.

*We thank Thee, Lord, for those who possess treasures for which they would gladly die. Amen.*

JULY  
8

FRUITFUL FEAR  
JOB 3:20-26

"FOR the thing which I greatly feared has come upon me." Was there a connection between Job's fear and his dis-



aster? It would seem so. But whether this was true in his case or not, it is often true in ours. Sometime ago we had a guest in our home who "enjoyed" bad health. Her chief indoor sport was to eat something that she was afraid would disagree with her, then spend the remainder of that day fearing that it had disagreed. What she feared almost always came upon her. To keep our fingers fearfully upon our pulse either physically or spiritually is a sure road to trouble.

*We pray Thee, Lord, to save us from our foolish and crippling fears. Amen.*

JULY

9

BRACING WORDS

JOB 4:1-11

"THY words have upholden him that was falling." "Your words have kept men on their feet," is Moffatt's translation. There are words that strengthen and words that weaken. We have all spoken such words. We have all had both kinds spoken to us. When I remember the new strength and courage that have come to me through the bracing words of a friend, I wonder that I do not employ such words more lavishly. Some high services are beyond our ability, but of everyone who is willing, this might be said: "Your words have kept men on their feet."

*Grant us, O Lord, to speak words that strengthen and build up rather than those that weaken and tear down. Amen.*

JULY

10

ONE SOURCE OF TROUBLE

JOB 5:1-11

"YET man is born into trouble, as the sparks fly upward." I think Moffatt gives the author's real meaning by this translation: "Man brings trouble on himself as surely as the sparks fly upward." Generally speaking, this accounts for most of our trouble. By our own sins we bring it upon ourselves. But while this accounts for most of our trouble, it does not account for all of it. There are some who suffer not because they are so bad, but because they are so good. Jesus was such a man. Yet the fact remains that most of us bring our troubles upon ourselves.

*Save us, Lord, from blaming Thee for the ills that we bring upon ourselves.*

JULY

11

WHY BE PATIENT?

JOB 6:1-13

"WHAT is before me that I should be patient?" (Moffatt) This is a desperate question wrung from the tight lips of pain. Job is in agony now. He sees nothing but more agony in the days ahead.

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Why not crash and give over altogether? What is there ahead for him or for any other sufferer whose every breath seems destined to be a breath of pain? Well God is ahead, ever and always. Also, He is ever present and ready to undergird with His everlasting arms. I am thinking of one now whose agony is constant and terrible. Yet hers is about the most radiant and patient face into which I have ever looked. She is patient because she believes in God.

*When our blackest hours are upon us, O Lord, grant us the patience that is born of faith in Thee. Amen.*

JULY

12

THE DUTY OF A FRIEND

JOB 6:14-21

"FRIENDS should be kind to a despairing man or he will give up faith in the Almighty." (Moffatt) How often is this the case! How many too have been won to the faith by the kindness of another who was a believer! "Thy God shall be my God," pledged Ruth in the long ago as she clung to Naomi. Why so? She is simply saying, "If your God has the same gentleness and kindness that you have, only raised to the infinite, then He shall have my heart forever." When I realize how much the faith of others depends upon my kindness, I wonder that I am not more kind.

*Jesus, Master, grant us the love that suffers long and is kind. Amen.*

JULY

13

THE GREAT SPY

JOB 7:11-21

"IF I sin, what harm is that to Thee O thou spy upon mankind?" (Moffatt) This is a shocking question. Poor tortured Job has come to look upon God not as a loving Father but as a cruel spy. Almost all of us have felt like that at one time or another. But God never spies upon us. He is a loving friend ever looking for the best as good friends do. He rejoices over every upward look, every slightest battle against evil. But he sees our sin and suffers in it because He loves us and because He knows the harm that sin will work, both to ourselves and to our fellows.

*Help us, Lord, always to be sure of Thy love. Amen.*

JULY

14

STUPID PREACHING

JOB 8:1-7

"THY children have sinned . . . and He cast them away." These friends of Job know all the answers. They are sure that good men always prosper while the wicked go to the wall. If any man suffers, therefore, there is one easy explanation—that

man has sinned. All Job's children have just been swept away by a storm. The reason is evident, they were paying the penalty of their sin. But such an explanation is just as false as it is cruel. Go out with the conviction that none ever suffer save the guilty and life will tear your complacent faith into shreds.

*Save us, Lord, from the foolish faith that God always pays in dollars and cents for being good. Amen.*

JULY

15

A HALF TRUTH

JOB 9:16-26

"HE DESTROYETH the perfect and the wicked." Job is denying that only evil men suffer. He claims rather that God destroys blameless and bad men alike. This is only partly true. All men suffer whether good or bad. But the man who lives within the will of God, avoids much of the suffering that all evil men must bear. Then, too, the good man does not have to suffer alone. Therefore, while godliness does not exempt us from all pain, it is still "profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

*Help us, Lord, to realize that Thy supreme gift is not an easy way but grace sufficient, whatever life may bring. Amen.*

JULY

16

A SANE QUESTION

JOB 10:1-9

"REMEMBER. I beseech Thee, that Thou hast made me as clay; and wilt Thou bring me unto dust again?" Such a procedure would seem unreasonable. No sane potter would give his best to the making of a vase only to wreck it. God has invested His best in the making of us. We are both the work of His hands, and the children of His love. Would it not be less than sane for Him to redeem us, win us, walk with us to the sunset and then drop us into the grave? Personally, I am as sure of the after-life as I am of God.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that this is life eternal to know Thee. Amen.*

JULY

17

BLOWS FOR THE FALTERING

JOB 12:1-10

"WHEN a man falters, there are blows for him." This is not universally true, thank God, but it is true too often. This is a hard world for failures. Not a few of us like to give our gifts where they are not really needed. Ours has been a day when to falter as a nation was to court disaster. In Hitler's Germany the supreme crime was to be weak. There is no attitude more devilish than this. To be Christian we must take the opposite course. "We that are strong ought to



# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves."

*Lord, give us the grace to bear one another's burdens and fulfil Christ's law.*

**JULY 18** **RELIGIOUS WICKEDNESS**  
JOB 13:1-10

"**WILL** ye speak wickedly for God?" Well it has been done. Two deeply earnest neighbors of mine spoke so harshly to each other in an argument over perfect love that they came to hate each other. It is not easy to engage in a controversy, about religion even, and refrain altogether from wicked speech. Two dangers threaten all such. First, some give way to harsh and unbrotherly language. Others if they do not positively lie, often color the truth so highly that it amounts to a lie. No truth needs either harsh words or pious lies to enable it to stand.

*Save us, Lord, from the folly of speaking wickedly in an effort to serve Thee.*

**JULY 19** **A FAITH THAT STEADIES**  
JOB 14:1-14

"**IF** A man die shall he live again?" Moffatt gives a better translation: "If only man might die and live again, I could endure my weary past until relief arrived." Job was not sure of the life to come. Had he been sure, such a faith would have given him strength to bear his present pain. But why be brave when the issue was sure to be dust and ashes? As Christians we possess the faith for which Job longed. This assurance of triumph over death ought to give us courage to stand at our post however painful the ordeal may be.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that we can go about our task girded by the powers of an endless life. Amen.*

**JULY 20** **WANTED: IMAGINATION**  
JOB 16:1-14

"**IF** YOUR soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you." Job's wooden-minded friends had no imagination and therefore no sympathy. For this reason they did not help, but hurt. While in college, I went on Sunday with a sorely troubled friend to hear a brilliant minister preach. As we came away I asked my friend what he thought of the service. "The minister reminded me," he replied, "of one standing safely on the bank of a raging river watching some poor chap drown. But instead of throwing him a rope he merely told him wisely that he was a fool ever to fall in."

*Lord, grant us imagination and heart enough to put ourselves in the other man's place. Amen.*

**JULY 21** **TEARS THAT ARE PRAYERS**  
JOB 16:15-21

"**MINE** eye poureth out tears unto God." "My tears turn to God in prayer," is Moffatt's translation. There are tears that are quite cheap. Some can turn them on as easily as turning on water in the bathroom. Some make them weapons of offense and of defense. Others still make them a substitute for action. We used to have a boat on one of our rivers whose engine was so weak that when it whistled it had to stop and get up steam. There are those whose tears are like that. Then there are others whose tears are so meaningful that they become liquid prayers.

*We thank Thee, Father, that when we read in Thy Word, "I have seen thy tears," we can be sure that Thou art moved by our sorrow. Amen.*

**JULY 22** **THE NEAREST DUTY**  
JOB 17:1-16

"**LIKE** one who bids his friends to a feast and lets his children starve." (Moffatt) To bid one's friends to a feast might be a worthy gesture, but if such a one starves his children by so doing, it is altogether unworthy. I am thinking now of a mother who became so busy looking after her city that she left her own children to the mercies of the street.

*Save us, Lord, from becoming so absorbed in the distant that we neglect the duty that is within our very doors. Amen.*

**JULY 23** **A BRIEF TRIUMPH**  
JOB 20:1-10

"**THE** triumph of the wicked is short." Job's friends said some foolish words, but this one is very wise. Wrong does triumph again and again. But its victory is always temporary. Hitler swept everything before him for a while, but only for a while. His is the story of all the despots that ever "waded through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind." Even Annas, Caiaphas and Pilate triumphed for a while. Christ was done to death and His body was laid in a tomb. But again the triumph of the wicked was short for soon this crucified Christ was alive forevermore.

*We thank Thee, Father, that the final victory is always with Thee. Amen.*

**JULY 24** **WHY PRAY?**  
JOB 21:1-15

"**WHAT** profit should we have, if we pray unto Him?" What is the good of prayer? It is surely not a means of tugging at God till He gives up His will for ours.

That He will never do. True prayer will bring many fine results, but of all these, this is the most rewarding: Prayer will make God real to the one who prays.

*Lord save us from cheating ourselves and others by our failure to pray. Amen.*

**JULY 25** **A CRY OF THE HEART**  
JOB 25:1-10

"**OH** THAT I knew where I might find Him." Here is a cry that is universal. It was uttered long before it became articulate upon the lips of Job. It is as old as man. It is a longing that is the very mother of religion. Philip expressed it in these words, "Lord, show us the Father and it is enough." In fact, as universal as is our hunger for bread, even so universal is our hunger for God. Truly God made us for Himself.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that if we are willing to do Thy will we shall come to know Thee. Amen.*

**JULY 26** **USING YOUR HEAD**  
JOB 28:20-28

"**BEHOLD** the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." Therefore to refuse to fear God is not simply wicked but silly. When I bought a new car years ago I received with it a booklet telling me how to treat that car in order to get the best from it. Therefore I did not look upon this booklet as a kill-joy, but as a friendly guide to greater enjoyment. There is a guide-book that we call the Bible that tells how we were meant to work.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that to fear Thee is to be supremely wise. Amen.*

**JULY 27** **BURNT OUT**  
JOB 31:1-12

"**IT** is a fire that consumeth to destruction." Here is Moffatt's translation: "It is a fire that burns life to a cinder." The author is here speaking of a particular sin, that of unchastity. But what is true of this particular sin is in a profound sense true of all sin. In the very nature of things sin is self-destruction. But while it destroys itself it destroys the sinner also.

*Grant us, Jesus Master, so to share Thy nature that we shall also share Thy holy hatred of sin. Amen.*

**JULY 28** **THE BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD**  
JOB 31:13-22

"**DID** not my Maker make my servant too?" (Moffatt) Certainly. That being the case I cannot wrong him without wronging the God who made and loves



us both. I cannot call him common without reflecting on our common Father. This week a father told me with tearful appreciation how his wounded son was saved on the field of battle by a Jew. That Jew now has a warm place in that father's heart because of kindness to his son. God also appreciates kindness shown to His Children.

*Help us, Lord, to see in every man a brother for whom Christ died. Amen.*

**JULY 29** **FEARING THE CROWD**  
JOB 31:29-36

"IF EVER I kept quiet within doors, afraid of what the crowd would say." (Moffatt) That is a fear that has slain its thousands. Herod murdered John the Baptist largely because he was afraid of the crowd.

*Give us the courage, Lord, to dress our lives by our own mirrors instead of that held up to us by the crowd. Amen.*

**JULY 30** **UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER**  
JOB 34:31-37

"ARE you to choose the terms, not God?" (Moffatt) How many seek to be saved on their own terms! Years ago when my first born was a small boy he, for some reason, became offended at his father. He gave expression to his indignation by crumbling the cake he was eating upon the floor. I told him to pick it up. His reply was that he would be a good boy. In fact he was ready to do almost anything except pick up the cake. But that was the one matter that was the issue between us. What is God seeking from us? Not our work or gifts, primarily, but ourselves.

*Teach us, Lord, that to obey is better than sacrifice. Amen.*

**JULY 31** **PREFERRING A SIN TO SUFFERING**  
JOB 36:15-21

"TAKE heed, regard not iniquity: for this hast thou chosen rather than affliction." Here is Moffatt's translation, "Beware, banish all evil thoughts—you prefer sin to suffering." That was the choice of the lesser revolutionary who died beside Jesus. Therefore he prayed this prayer—"Save thyself and us." That is, "I don't mind being what I am, I only dread being where I am." But the greater revolutionary preferred suffering to sin, therefore he prayed not for exemption but for remembrance: "Jesus, remember me when thou comest in Thy Kingdom." His supreme hatred was not in being where he was, but in being what he was.

*Lord, so strengthen us we pray Thee that we shall be glad to suffer rather than to fail Thee. Amen.*

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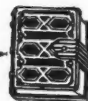
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Trauer



JULY GOD'S JOY IN CREATION

1st GENESIS 1:1-5, 10-12, 16-18, 26-27, 31

FIRST the Gardener then the garden, that is the order of creation. Our Bible knows nothing of an accidental Eden, one that happened through forces hidden in itself. "In the beginning God," is a creed that places God where He belongs. Thirty-one times His name is mentioned in the creation story and He is introduced through the pronoun "He" many more times. Before time existed God was. No argument is offered for His existence. He is taken for granted.

The purpose of the Bible writers was not to offer a textbook in science. Rather they were commissioned and inspired to proclaim the truth of God in all matters that pertain to His revelation and our salvation. The amazing correspondence of the order of creation here in Genesis with the findings of science, challenges attention. Probably the days were long cons of time during which God's laws were at work. Certainly the process of development, the evolution from formless matter to our present universe, was directed by God's will, that is, by God's laws, and powered by His creative Spirit. Creation is begun, continued and ended in God.

The joy of the Gardener in His garden is understandable. There is joy in "creation." His mighty voice called forth the garden from a complete and lonely void. What gardener cannot in a little measure share God's joy as He looked out upon Eden? Yet Eden was no end in itself. All its beauty and serviceableness found purpose in the heart of God when the man He created walked beneath its trees and ate of its fruits. The garden was the expression of God's loving provision for man.

God hid within the universe tremendous forces for man to find and harness. Whenever some new discovery or invention is made, men are working in partnership with God. The most that any scientist can do is to discover some new law or to make a new application of laws long established. The laws are immutable for they were written into the universe at creation by the will of God. How tragic it is that men should swell up in their own conceit at their progress in mastering nature, using the laws but forgetting

the law-giver. How sad that men should devote these new-found forces to further selfish ambitions, to destroy life and property, and to raise barriers of hate and intolerance among God's children. How unworthy man has shown himself of the Eden God has built for him.

There is much mystery about creation. Somehow it finds solution in Christ. Paul wrote, "All things have been created by Him, and for Him; He is prior to all and all coheres in Him." (Moffatt) He alone realized fully the purpose of creation. When He masters our minds and hearts, we too will understand that every part of our world, great or small, only realizes its purpose when it contributes to His kingdom. As the Christian uses the blessings of nature for the common good, yes, and for the common spiritual good, then God finds joy again in His creation.

### Questions:

List the creations by days or eras as given in Genesis 1. How far does accepted scientific theory support this order?

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Psalm 19:1, 2. What can we learn about God in nature? What more do we need to know about God than we can learn through nature?

JULY MAN'S FAILURES AND GOD'S PROMISES

8th GENESIS 6:5-7; 8:1, 4, 18, 20-22

THE king of creation became creation's slave. God made man in His own image, with mind and conscience, and destined him to rule the universe for good and God. He made him free and placed the responsibility of His new-made garden upon him. Freedom went to his head and yielding to hunger, curiosity and the desire for equality with God, he disobeyed. God wanted no robot tender of Eden. Therefore He created a being capable of choosing God or Mammon. This being could believe the word of the serpent or God's word. Adam and Eve chose and the blight of sin dimmed the glory of the garden.

A friendly world now became a challenging world. Blood and sweat and tears became the marks of man's struggle for a living. Cain, too, was free to do good,

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as is every child of man. But born in him were also the terrible passions that grow out of a heart wilful against God. So was committed the mother of murders. Generation after generation carried the mark of Cain in their hearts, yet there were always a few faithful souls, who like Enoch "walked with God." The inheritance of sin never doomed men to do evil. They were still responsible and there was witness for God still struggling with them. But man's wilfulness grew and grew, while the number of the faithful almost disappeared.

Read the indictment of the men whom God had created and you will understand the Flood. "Every imagination of the thoughts of men's hearts was only evil continually." Genesis 6:5. True, among all these depraved men there was one faithful to God. He was in vast danger from the contagion of their sin. He was like our soldiers in the jungles and swamps of some tropical island, compelled to breathe the miasmatic vapors, yet expected to keep their health. If righteousness was to be preserved in the earth, the wicked had to be destroyed. Continued life to men so evil would have been no kindness to them, and in the end, would doom the whole race to a living death in trespasses and sin.

NOAH, THE GRANDSON of the good Enoch, was the one faithful soul in a whole world gone bad. To preserve him and his family, and to make possible a new deal for humanity, the Flood came. It was a terrible judgment. It should have put such a fear of sin into the heart of Noah and his family that sin would be banished from the earth. Though the purpose of the Flood was accomplished in that a second chance could be given the race, yet the inheritance of Adam was still at work. Sin found refuge on the Ark and the best of Noah's children, even to our day, must confess, "When I would do good, evil is ever present with me."

The fear of the consequences of sin is not enough to insure righteous living. The Flood over, God covenants with Noah, never again to send so sweeping a judgment on men. Sin must still be punished, yet the conquest of sin is to be by the drawing power of God's love. The rainbow is to be a token that another means is to be given for our salvation, the forgiving love of the Cross.

The first act of Noah after the Flood was one of worship. So far, at least, the Flood had accomplished its purpose. All the mockery he had faced during the days when he was warning the world of its doom and calling on men to repent, had been gloriously repaid in the saving of his family. If we understand what it means that we have felt the saving power of God in our lives, we too will find it in our hearts to build altars of prayer

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and sacrifice. God has given us too our second chance. We must not trespass upon His grace.

#### Questions:

What interpretation of the Flood is given in the following passages: Matthew 24:37; Luke 17:26; 1 Peter 3:20; 2 Peter 3:5-7; Hebrews 11:7; Isaiah 54:9; Ezekiel 14:12-23?

In practically every race there is a tradition of a great flood. What conclusion do you accept from this?

Is there any progress from the Old to the New Testament in the revelation of the character of God?

JULY  
15th



#### GOD'S PURPOSE FOR ABRAHAM

GENESIS 12:1-9

"IDEALIST, perfectionist, fanatic, fool," these are the names men use to discourage us when the inner voice says, "Get thee out . . . unto a land that I will show you." Noah knew the harsh voices of the mockers. Surely Abram heard those same voices when called from Ur. For Ur was a pleasant, prosperous city. Amazing finds have been made by the archeologists on the site of Ur: the crown of a princess, vanity boxes for fine ladies, baths and libraries and all the signs of an advanced civilization. All pilgrims have faced the choice between the voice of God and the voices of this world.

Bunyan described the out-of-place-ness of the men of faith in our world. They wore different raiment, they spoke the language of Canaan and they "set light by their wares" much to the amusement of the merchants with whom they dealt. "Some said they were fools, some that they were Bedlams, and some that they were outlandish men." Yes, Abram, was a Pilgrim father, daring to follow his vision. "He went out, not knowing whither." How we need that brave faith in our national and world leadership today! How we need it in our Churches, for the literal meaning of the Greek word for "church," is "called out." Are we not all too content and comfortable in Ur?

Great issues were involved in the obedience of Abram. He was making a life choice that placed him in the current of God's purpose. That is the secret of successful, satisfying living. Faith lifted Abram out of mediocrity, and made him Abraham, Father of the Faithful. See what hinged upon His obedience, far beyond the place it won him among the world's great names!

CANAAN BECAME the land of Israel, the object of veneration by Jew, Mohammedan and Christian. A great nation was sired by Abraham, a people that has filtered into all nations, contributing mightily to the leadership of the world. Or, to use the figure of Paul, in Galatians 3:7, "Know ye therefore that they which

are of faith, the same are children of Abraham." It has proved true in all history, as it is proving true today, that God has blessed nations that have treated the children of Abraham with kindness, while God has cursed the nations that have persecuted them. But the most glorious fulfillment of the promise of God to Abraham is Christ.

It is not often given to a nation to see so clearly God's purpose for it. The deepest reason for migration to Canaan was the preparation of a people that in its life and worship would symbolize the coming of Christ. For this the race was preserved in spite of its many lapses into idolatry and vice. For this prophets were sent and scriptures written, and altars raised, and sacrifices burned and wars fought and won. God's purpose, revealed these long centuries ago, in His call to Abraham, is that "all the nations should be blessed."

Whatever exclusive care God gave to Israel was not intended to feed their national pride, but to fit them to become the medium for world evangelization. Each nation, each one of us, faces a similar choice to that of Abraham. Have we faith enough to follow the vision? Are our ears keen enough to hear the call? God would use us too in the working out of His loving purpose, that all men should be saved.

#### Questions:

Is the spirit of adventure always the sign of faith? For what different reasons did the pioneers come to the Americas?

Are great men the result of many contributing factors in inheritance and life situations, or do they make their environment? Is history properly the story of the world's great men? Discuss.

JULY  
22nd



#### ABRAHAM'S PRACTICE OF BROTHERHOOD

GENESIS 13:1-12

BACK to Bethel hurried Abraham from his unfortunate excursion into Egypt. He had left the altar to His God, and left some measure of that faith with which he had left Ur for his Promised Land. All lies are foolish, but none more foolish than his lie to Pharaoh that led to the loss of his wife Sarah to Pharaoh's harem. Even now God did not desert him and uncovering the lie to Pharaoh, Abraham was permitted to go back to Bethel. Never did that altar mean so much to him before. He carried back to it new proof of the patient love of his God.

Great men of faith are not above temptation. When we most think we are standing, we must take heed lest we fall. New and more subtle tests come every day. Abraham is rich in silver and gold and cattle. His nephew, Lot, was also rich because of their partnership. The strain on brotherhood comes in plenty

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rather than in poverty. Contention between the herdsmen over pasturage and wells broke out into a miniature war. Though Peter speaks of Lot as a just man, probably he was contrasting him with the people of Sodom. There is no sign of justice in his attitude toward his uncle. It was his place to offer a choice of the land but it was Abraham who made it.

The lowlands toward Sodom looked, from the heights on which they stood, like one great lush pasturage. The cities of the plains promised good markets and "good" company. Abraham was greedy for no more of this world's goods. Setting self-interest aside, he gave Lot his choice. And Lot chose the lowlands on the path to tragedy. Selfishness is always ultimately self-defeating. The wrecked cities of Germany may be called in witness. A nation, a race as well as a person, that looks out for Number One plays a losing game.

THE ATTITUDE of Abraham toward Lot is the key to the establishment of the brotherhood of man. One must couple his generous spirit with that altar at Bethel. A man of faith can afford to neglect his rights in the interests of good will. So can a nation. Chinese Gordon said that he found peace of mind by "praying for everyone who worries me." Why will we not learn that generosity and forgiveness are as much in the ethics of Christianity as purity and honesty? If there is an evangelistic purpose in the mind of God for every believer, we must learn that neighbors are not won to the Kingdom by those who go about zealously contending for their rights. Christians who are known for their unselfishness and kindness may at times be imposed upon, but their witness for Christ will count.

From the Salvation Army comes the story of Warrior Brown, a woman, who before her conversion prided herself on never taking an insult. A spot of liquor only added to her pugnacity. God found her and as she told her story on a street corner a long-time enemy hit her with a potato. With hardly a struggle she mastered her resentment and picked up the potato, put it in her pocket and went on with her testimony. Weeks later she came back to the Salvation Army hall and handed the captain a small bag of potatoes she had grown from the sign of her enemy's hatred.

The price of peace is not too high when we show ourselves too big to be selfish. The reward of a peaceful spirit may not always be so evident as with Abraham, but it will come in the end. *Charity suffereth long, and is kind. Charity never faileth.* Take the insult, the injury, the meanness and the mockery and plant them. Remember we were called Christians first by our enemies and have made

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it a name of glory. Overcome evil with good.

Questions:

What can you learn of the process and progress of temptation from the story of Lot? Tell the whole story of Lot's life.

What is the relation of faith in God to a solution to the problems of world organization for peace?

JULY 29th **GOD'S COVENANT WITH HIS PEOPLE**  
GENESIS 17:1-10

"FRIEND of God"—what a testimony to the character of father Abraham! At least three times this title is given Abraham in the Scriptures (2 Chronicles 20:7; Isaiah 41:8; James 2:23). God Almighty has another way of saying this in our great chapter of the covenant. "Walk before me, and be thou perfect," that is the meaning of friendship with God. "Live ever mindful of My presence, and so be blameless," is the way Moffatt translates this. Realize the presence of God where you are. How hard this may be amid the distractions of life! Abraham lost it in Egypt for a time and tried lying instead of trust in God. He could not see God past the gilded glory of the court and the sharp spears of the soldiery of Pharaoh. But this was human weakness, the intrusion of this material world, that makes it so difficult to realize God's presence.

If our friends are of the right sort, we unconsciously live up to them. Some years ago when I was more athletically inclined, I used to play handball at the Philadelphia Central "Y". Some with whom I played regularly knew I was "of the cloth." Often newcomers were invited to complete the foursome and their language was not always "Sunday-school." I would notice my friends running the offender into a corner, and after a whispered admonition there were usually no more oaths. They were living up to a minister, at least on the language plane. If that is true of human companionship, how much more it means to recall the presence of God on the handball court or in the court of kings, anywhere and everywhere! And our Christian privilege of friendship with God is wonderfully promised—"Lo, I am with you always."

THE PERFECTION that follows might well be defined as wholeheartedness. Abraham was not perfect, nor has any child a right to that claim, except through the atonement of Christ. Abraham made no reserve in obedience to his God. He accepted at face value the promises God was making him. He was to be the father of nations, he was to have a homeland after his long wanderings, he was to have a child in his old age, and he was to inherit.

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stitute a rite that was to be the token of obedience.

Perhaps the greatest test of Abraham's faith was the promise of a child. No wonder laughter greeted the promise! Besides it is a question whether Abraham really wanted a child to displace the lovable, happy-go-lucky, wayward Ishmael. Yet this was God's friend, the one who walked "mindful of His presence." No human reasoning or personal desires could stand between him and his God. So the covenant was signed and sealed and the record of the outcome of his faith is written not only in his own life but in the life of a great race, indeed in the life of the redeemed of all races. No longer is the rite of circumcision required, though it took a battle royal in the early Church to settle this question. It is still required that our faith should be the response to God's gracious promises.

Do you know the presence of God? Have you thought to claim His promises without being responsive to His daily, hourly presence? The measure of the "blamelessness" of our lives is not in the number of virtues attained but in the faith by which we walk with God.

#### Questions:

*How is the present status of the Jewish race related to the covenant of our lesson?*

*How are covenants with God different from bargains? Is this difference generally understood? Discuss.*

#### TEA-TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 33)

and here it is. You can probably use it to make someone feel a little better about all the things he is missing. But note that a metal box of some sort must be used—otherwise only crumbs will arrive for the soldier. Parcels take a terrific beating in the mails!

#### FRUIT NUT BARS

|                     |                                |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1/4 cup shortening  | 1/4 teaspoon baking            |
| 1/2 cup sugar       | soda                           |
| 1 egg               | 1 1/2 teaspoon                 |
| 1/2 cup mild        | baking powder                  |
| molasses            | 1/2 cup sweet milk             |
| 2 cups sifted flour | 1 cup chopped nuts             |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt   | 1 cup chopped raisins or dates |

Cream shortening, add the sugar, and beat until light. Add the egg, beat mixture well, then add the molasses. Sift the flour with dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Next add chopped nuts and fruit. Spread the mixture thinly in a greased shallow pan, bake for 16 to 20 minutes in moderate oven, 350 degrees. Cut into bars.

And so, good-by until August!

## Are you in the know?



What would you do about this back view?

- ☐ Wear a shawl
- ☐ Go informally
- ☐ Make up the difference

If your swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your daintiness, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a deodorant.

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Is the pattern of this sport jacket a—

- ☐ Gun Club Check
- ☐ Glen Plaid
- ☐ Herringbone

Notice your date's new duds! He's probably duked up just for you. So if his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the confidence that Kotex sanitary napkins give. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. And you get extra protection with that patented safety center of Kotex!

Should a house-guest make her own bed?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is yes, these servantless days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and go, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex is the napkin that actually stays soft while wearing!

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## HATRED IS BORN OF FEAR

(Continued from page 17)

verification of its claims. Against such assaults from the right hand and from the left, the army of righteousness needs the shield of truth.

Our great associations of science, our companies of historians, our language teachers, would do well to declare a truce of God, and to lay aside for a few months their own researches into the past and the future, and give their whole attention to what is happening in the present. We need them as society has never needed the science of the past to answer with the authority of proved evidence, the falsehoods of the gospel of hate.

We need to learn from the psychiatrist what hate does to the nervous system; from the historian what hate does to the nation; from the anthropologist whether the races of mankind are more similar than dissimilar, and of what their dissimilarities consist; from the psychologist of the comparative qualities of the minds of different races, their defects and their advantages; from the research worker, we need to know that science is the prerogative of not one race of people, or creed, or color; from the social worker, and the political investigator, we need to learn whether any one race has a predominate responsibility for crime. The sociologist must tell us of the effect of environment on our young, the economist must show us how men's minds are warped by the struggle for existence.

Above all, we need Christian education, which substitutes for the gospel of hate a more powerful and a more lasting force. The Christian believes that perfect love casteth out fear, and that without fear hate cannot breathe. Fear is the indispensable nutrient in the soil of man's emotions, and hate can never sprout unless fear first permeates those emotions.

But the armour of righteousness is not merely defensive. Regardless of assaults upon the right and upon the left, righteousness must move forward into new fields. There is need of constructive tolerance, which is not merely enduring the existence of one of a different faith or race in the next house, but the cutting of openings through our hedges of hospitality, and the making of lasting friendships. Great crises of human history are frequently accompanied by great acts of magnanimity. While the Civil War was not fought solely to abolish slavery, it marked its end. The World War awarded votes to women. The present hate war may well bring to America a period of real reconciliation, in which every one of us Christians, undertakes to cut through our hedges of prejudice and to make friends with our neighbor, however he may differ from us in color or creed.

Constructive tolerance not only cuts through the hardenings of habit; it opens

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up old wounds in order that festering sores may heal in the sunlight. There is need of a heartsearching of our own defects. A man who contends that American democracy is a perfect institution, who says that as such it is superior to totalitarianism, is just as much of a legend-monger as those he criticizes. The armour of righteousness does not fit easily on such a one. Constructive toleration means re-education of loose democracy, in which our aims are re-examined and our votes choose those who stand for whatever things are of good report.

It means the recognition and practice on the part of all of us, of the teaching of Jesus concerning the worth of the human personality. When we do this, then we shall be putting on the armour of righteousness, and building worthily for tomorrow.

#### KINDEST MAN IN TOWN

(Continued from page 29)

about how we look only for the sake of the people who do not know us. Absurd, that seems, and yet you know it is true. For those who know us never love us because of our silky eyebrows or our pretty ears. They love our cheerfulness, and wait for our wit; they treasure our logic (or even our illogic!) and our praise. We cannot tabulate the loveliness, but if we could, the list would be mostly the invisible traits which the heart, and not the eye, beholds.

The one who loves us best finds endearing whatever faults we have; after a few years, if he loves enough, he solemnly believes our faults are virtues . . . or if not virtues, at least charming mannerisms. For the eye that looks with love, sees only loveliness.

It is a little shameful that we must remind ourselves of all this when we think of those crippled boys coming back to us. We know the debt we owe, in gratitude and love, to those men who gave that we might keep. We want terribly to help; it is only that we are not sure of ourselves and our wisdom.

Psychologists have devised wonderful methods. When you read about them, you feel uncertain and unskilled. But it need not be a complicated thing. The big words are only huge shadows looming up over one small glowing word. *Love*. As simple as that. So simple that sometimes children know it . . . and show it . . . best.

The kind of wisdom we need for this new task, comes only from hearts that see clearly. When a heart is the seeing eye, hands and minds and words are nimble to speak the quick amenity of helpfulness.

For God Himself has given us that amenity and that skill, when we "keep our heart with all diligence."

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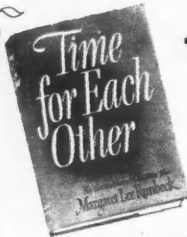
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that presently this preference will be dis-  
regarded! It is the profoundly moving  
story of a man who lost a love but found  
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to its fulfillment in the New. True it is  
that, while we have glorified our pio-  
neers, we have seldom well remembered  
those others who remained "to make the  
land yield." The Townsman himself,  
though "a plain sort of chap," is a very  
durable hero.

**REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR**, by  
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liant essays covering an amazing area of  
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**I LOVE BOOKS**, by John D. Snider.  
(Review & Herald Pub. Assn. 574 pp.,  
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volume may be placed upon any library  
table for use of readers in any age level.  
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the bibliography and index at the close  
are particularly helpful and complete.

**ROOFS OVER STRAWTOWN**, by  
Sara Elizabeth Gosselink. (Eerdmans, 519  
pp., \$3.00) This prize historical novel is  
the story of God-fearing Dutchmen who  
left their beloved Holland to pioneer a  
new home in America, the Land of Prom-  
ise. There is a memorable ocean voyage  
and other crossings through seas of af-  
liction equally heroic. The tale is au-  
thentic and thrilling.

**SERGEANT NELSON OF THE  
GUARDS**, by Gerald Kersh. (Winston,  
317 pp., \$2.50) The hero of this novel is  
the universal British sergeant. The story  
is of those who stood between freedom  
and slavery in the darkest days of this  
global war. The Coldstream Guards cov-  
ered the retreat to Dunkirk and they and  
others of their breed were the "thin red  
line" that held those flaming beaches. If  
you would be introduced to our British

CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1945 • PAGE 46

fighting allies, see them as they were, hear them as they talk and meet them as they are, this volume is the finest opportunity that has yet been given to my fellow Americans.

**LITANY FOR ALL SOULS**, by Lucien Price. (Beacon Press, 83 pp., \$1.00) A beautifully written devotional book that has a ministry for hungry hearts and is constant food for the soul. Significantly for these times, the central theme is continuing life, life beyond that which we call death. Here is the Resurrection message in the language of today.

**LET US CONSIDER ONE ANOTHER**, by Josephine Lawrence. (Appleton-Century, 314 pp., \$2.75) Here is a forthright and honest book. I question whether it has the answer for the social problem that it poses. There is an immaturity about the treatment that is perhaps inevitable, but if you like to think, here is something that will make you do so.

**THAR SHE BLOWS**, by Everitt Proctor. (Westminster, 143 pp., \$2.00) An adventure tale, when it is both clean and strong, is always assured of wide reading in the CHRISTIAN HERALD family. This book is a biography, if not of a lad then at least of life that went roaring down the seven seas when whalers made the cities of New England rich and proud.

**NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE**, by Daisy Neumann. (Lippincott, 244 pp., \$2.50) This book reminds me of two lovely English children I met after a church service on Long Island just a year ago. They had been away from their native land and their loved ones more than four years. Happily situated, their physical, mental and spiritual needs well supplied, they were nevertheless waifs of an incredible storm. On these pages we travel back with them. The author has done an exceptionally fine thing in reconciling differences of country and environment. She answers many questions and points the way to the happy ending. Here is fiction that is life.

**MAGNIFICO**, by Joseph Stephens. (Chapman & Grimes, 198 pp., \$2.50) Here are The Nazarene, a Judean girl, a Samaritan boy, race and religious prejudice, faith, first-century lepers, love triumphant. Plenty of local color. Authentic, and well done. Great for church youth—or youth who should be church youth! F. S. M.

**FIGHTING LIBERAL**, by George W. Norris. (Macmillan, 419 pp., \$3.50) Here is one of the most dynamic biographies of a generation. Even before he died, George Norris, who had been the greatest liberal of his generations, was the most eloquent political tradition of his time. In this volume we have something more than his own story, for across these pages are unconsciously revealed the qualities of the man. Under our eyes he grows into heroic stature. Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with his politics, he cannot escape the sincerity of the writer.

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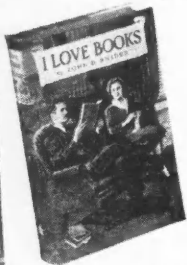
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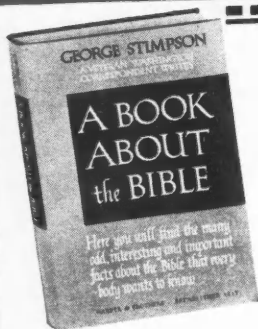
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known to us the genius of his method, a method that was, I think, as unconscious as it proved effective. He writes, "I returned home triumphant in a decent fight and disappointed that its fruit could not have been even greater. That is the struggle which the people of a democracy face. Frequently they must compromise in order to achieve practical reform. . . . Progress and change are constant and eternal." He could be disappointed by a partial victory, but he was wise enough not to be discouraged and practical enough to be grateful. Here is sound philosophy and sure guidance for peacemakers who may be disappointed with results achieved at the San Francisco Conference. "Fighting Liberal" is a triumphant, practical book.

ADVANCE THROUGH STORM, by Kenneth Scott Latourette. (Harper, 542 pp., \$4.00) Dr. Latourette, to our way of thinking, is the ranking American writer on church history; anything he does is good, and right! This is Volume VII of his "History of The Expansion of Christianity," and it covers the period 1914 and after. "Covers" it is exactly the word; he misses nothing, footnotes almost everything, and leaves you wondering how one man could possibly do it. This series will live decades after most of the "popular" church histories have disappeared. F. S. M.

OVER SEVENTY, by Gail Cowley. (Meador, 231 pp., \$2.00) Not all who have passed 70 are cheerful, happy, still young mentally and spiritually. Some are. This grand book tells how it's done; it is as inspiring as the sun coming out after a week of rain. Life starts at 70! And the author proves it, beautifully. F. S. M.

PUT OFF THY SHOES, by E. L. Voynich. (Macmillan, 456 pp., \$3.00) A clean and virile novel. At times labored and heavy, it presents a never-to-be-forgotten heroine. She becomes, I think, one of the most clearly outlined and convincing personalities in the fiction of a decade. The story will hardly escape the criticism of being propaganda for a particular faith, but on merit is worthy of discriminating readers in every faith.

AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES, by Ira Wolfert. (Simon & Schuster, 301 pp., \$2.75) The story in detail and for the first time of the guerrillas who made Japan's complete occupation of the Philippine Islands impossible and who were there to open the door when MacArthur came back. Lt. I. D. Richardson, USNR, whose story is written here, will become, if he is not already, almost as legendary a figure in the Islands as was Lawrence of Arabia among desert peoples. The book is realistic, at times crude, but unmistakably forthright and honest. It abounds in the pure essence of eloquent action.

INTERIM, by R. C. Hutchinson. (Farrar & Rinehart, 186 pp., \$2.00) Here is difficult and involved reading, but in a style that marks the author as one of the most brilliant of his time. Another has



said that no living Englishman writes better prose. In this story is a combination of British understatement and flaming truth.

# FISHERMAN'S LUCK

(Continued from page 25)

"So pleased," said Margarita in her velvet voice. "And a little jealous. Jimmy talked so much of you. I thought he lived on a desert isle with no women but you about."

Sue forced a smile. But her heart cried. Beauty! And the Latin girl talked just as she had always imagined the Thorps talked, with a sort of under-meaning.

Jimmy, careless of his white flannels, tinkered with the engine, cranked it, and stood back admiringly when it burst into clattering life. "There!" he cried. "Tomorrow we'll launch my boat. We want to go fishing. Margarita's never been on the ocean. We flew up. See you early."

"It has been pleasure," offered Margarita, her arm about Jimmy's shoulder to turn him away. "Perhaps you would go with us?"

Panic was in Sue Ann's heart. "No, no. Really, I couldn't. I must go into town tomorrow. I'll leave the key at Lupy's, Jimmy."

"Some gal," said the boatman, who had been forgotten. "Some gal! Sure nice to be rich. Well, let's get going."

Sue Ann slacked off the brake, let the cradle roll down, checked it, and watched it sink slowly. Automatically she directed the loading and the bracing of the boat, and went back to the winch.

It was only after she was in bed, and suddenly jerked into wakefulness, wondering what had become of the boat she had started to pull, that she knew the real state of her mind. She couldn't remember a single detail of the quickest and least troublesome pull the Port of Seven Seas had ever made. It seemed as if the engine, the ways, and everything connected, had in some strange way refused to cause more trouble. Like being lucky at guessing games, she thought, which meant unlucky in something else.

She dressed carefully next morning, thinking muddled thoughts: Jimmy is a careless playboy with too much money. Instantly her mind contradicted that. Jimmy has never seen me in anything but shapeless slacks. She twisted to get a back view of silk-clad legs. I'd look nice if . . . He's gone. What's the use?

Yet in the back of her mind was an inherited seaman-like desire, and determination to fight to the last, to go down with colors flying. She drove to Balboa slowly, her mouth tight, and the tiny specks of gold in her eyes very bright.

After a visit to the bank, she went into the beauty shop. "Do something

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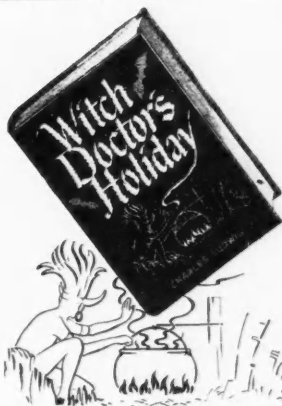
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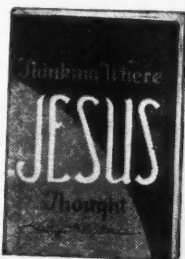
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with my hair," she suggested, "and a facial."

Catching sight of herself in a window after she came out, she got a lift. Her hair had a dull copper shine, her face felt and looked fresh and strong. An urge to get back and see them together came upon her. It was like the morbid desire to play with edged and shining knives. She drove fast, came in at the front, found the door open, and ran up to the sail-loft where windows looked out on the yard.

The *Fisherman's Luck* was ready for launching.

Margarita, in white sharkskin, a flower in her hair, had a seat in the shade. Jimmy fussed about the engine. Grinning, he wiped his hands, motioned to the girl, and as she came, gracefully swaying, to stand beside him he pointed to the levers, explaining and working them to show her what to do. She was quick to understand. Jimmy gave her an approving shoulder-pat, and taking a bar, went down to start the carriage.

Sue Ann held her breath. Everything seemed right. So often it had, and yet things happened. She should go down and help. She hardened her heart.

The carriage moved slowly, the wheels crunching on the sandy rails. It gathered speed. Margarita lacked the deft touch on the brake that came only with long knowledge.

Jimmy sent a worried glance toward the winch, trotted to keep the bowline in hand, and then as the speed increased, shouted and waved.

Even in her quick terror—Sue Ann was ahead of the happenings—she noticed that Margarita did right. She set the brake gently. Sand had been blowing. The brake gripped with a high growl, the cable snapped viciously taut, the carriage jerked to a screeching halt, and slowly, terribly, in the manner of something mortally wounded, the *Fisherman's Luck* slid back, lost her blocking, turned half over, and slammed the stern down on the hard sand, the bow still high on the cradle.

Stumbling from the sail-loft, with a strangled cry in her throat, Sue Ann had but one thought: *It was my fault!* She heard the iron rail of the carriage crunching at ribs and planking as she darted into the paint room. She smeared a canvas patch with heavy lead, snatched a hammer and tacks, and, forgetting dress and new shoes, ran down into the water to urge Jimmy, "Get this patch on quick. The tide's rising."

The warmth in Jimmy's glance sent her whirling to get ropes and a chain hoist. They must move her before the tide flooded the engine.

In their hurry to beat the rising water, working shoulder to shoulder, they forgot Margarita. A mist of fog was helping the dusk of evening when a soft voice

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suggested, "I'm cold, Jimmy. Could you take me home?"

Jimmy had his head half under water at the time. He jerked upright, something in his stance reminding Sue Ann of a picture, "The Stag at Bay," but he spoke calmly, "Half an hour, dear."

"You think more of your old—" began Margarita in a half-humorous protest.

James M. Thorp waded up out of the water, speaking as he waded, "I'll take you. I'll take you right now." There was no anger in the words. They were toneless. They might have been so many shining ice-cubes.

For an instant Sue Ann's heart was a skyrocket. Then she was ashamed.

"Do what you can," directed Jimmy as he hurried Margarita down to the dinghy.

Her skirt floating about her, her shoes filling with bay mud, Sue Ann worked to her armpits in chill water to finish the job. But the moment was past. The tide lapped at the stern cockpit, slopped over, and began filling it. Too late. The engine would be useless. The boat was a wreck. Jimmy would never try to fix it now. He'd be too busy.

Hot tears were under her eyelids as she climbed onto the dock and stood, dripping uselessly, until the bulk of Jimmy loomed beside her. "Couldn't make it?" he asked gently.

"Couldn't make it," she admitted, beginning to shiver. The Luck looked so helpless floundering there. Floundering with the hopes of a foolish girl aboard.

"You're freezing," said Jimmy, putting brotherly arms around her for warmth. It was good to lean on him for a moment. He had lost a boat. He must feel awful. She put her arms around him.

Just then the moon came out through a rift in the haze. She looked up with words of comfort on her lips. She expected to find him gazing over her head at his flooding boat. He wasn't. He grinned down at her, his arms tightening. Something in his eyes made her gasp a question, "Margarita?"

"Margarita?" echoed Jimmy. "She wanted to go home. I took her." There was a hard finality about the words. There was the same hard finality about his lips when they met hers.

"You'd better get to bed now," he ordered, loosening his arms, and trotting toward the dinghy, "we got us a big job tomorrow."

For a long instant she stood listening to the splash of his oars. Then with shaking knees she climbed squishily up to the dubbed bow of the *Fisherman's Luck*, and putting an arm around the anchor butt, pressed a salty kiss on the cold planking. "You darling," she cooed. "You awful old darling."

Perhaps only boatmen will understand the clear logic behind the words.

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## THE MIGHT OF COMMON MEN

(Continued from page 27)

we common men do the duty nearest to us, we start a current of influence which only God can measure. For we are not isolated individuals. We are cells in social organisms. And one individual in a group can change the atmosphere of the whole group. One boy in a mountain cabin catches the desire for an education, and the whole household is lifted from squalor to decency. One daughter in a worldly home is thoroughly converted to the Christian way of life, and ere long the family is functioning in a Christian manner, even though the other members may not have accepted Christianity.

Some time ago I spent a day in Reading, Pennsylvania. My host said, "I want you to meet the greatest philanthropist of our city. He does more to spread the spirit of charity, to discover and alleviate the cases of suffering than any other citizen of our community." Thereupon I was taken to meet Sergeant Gerber D. Schafer, who as the result of an injury in the last world war has been lying on a hospital bed for over a dozen years unable to move an external muscle of his body below his neck. And yet through his nurses that paralyzed man, flat on his back, his sight now gone, follows the movements of today's soldiers whom he calls his "buddies," keeps track of Reading citizens who are in need, maintains regular correspondence with over a thousand shut-ins scattered throughout America, and radiates a cheer which pervades a city of over a hundred thousand. The spirit of Gerber Schafer has lingered with me like a benediction and has left me lost in wonder at the way God can use one individual to influence the lives of an uncounted host. Such persons are the worthy successors of Gideon. They catch the vision. They heed the call. They do the duty next to them. And the Lord uses them for the salvation of His people.

Let us now go back for a final glance at Gideon's career. After he had thrown down the idolatrous altar in his father's orchard, he was summoned to the larger challenge. The Lord bade him blow his trumpet to rally the forces of Israel. In response to Gideon's call, the record is that 32,000 assembled. But when they saw the superior number of the Midianites, some became frightened. Whereupon Gideon was directed to make a proclamation, saying, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return." That was sound generalship. An army is stronger with the cowards out of the ranks, for the timid are centers of contagious fear. This is true also in the army of the Lord. A church is better off with the faultfinders and fainthearted removed even though the numbers be re-

CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1945 • PAGE 52

To those who  
wonder why we need

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duced. Most of us ministers feel that our parishes would be stronger if some of our members were to "pack up their troubles" and take their departure.

When Gideon bade the fearful to retire, his ranks were reduced by 22,000. But the remaining 10,000 were to be sifted by another test. Gideon had tested their courage; he would now test their zeal. He marched his thirsty troops across a stream. As they came to the water all but three hundred of them got down on all fours to drink. But the zealous three hundred were so alert to keep watch for the enemy, that they dashed the water up to their mouths with their hands as they hurried through the stream. These were the men who had both courage and zeal. They were only a little handful, but they became Gideon's famous band that won the victory.

As Gideon in his own person illustrates the power of the common man, so Gideon's band symbolizes the might of a consecrated minority. When was the power of minorities more vividly seen than today? The Fascist party was a minority, yet it controlled Italy for twenty years. The Nazi party was a minority, yet it directed the policies of Germany. And the military clique which dominates Japan is a minority. Now if wicked minorities can thus pervert national action, why cannot a godly minority uplift and convert a nation's policy and program? It can, provided it cares enough to be creative.

As our Lord said, *The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.* Let us awake to the possibilities of consecrated minorities. Let us take heart and hope for the Church. To be sure, its members form only a fraction of our global population, but the churches of your town, if they set themselves to it, can change the atmosphere of your whole community. The churches of America if they are willing to serve unitedly and to sacrifice wholeheartedly, can transform the spiritual life of our nation within our generation. And the churches of the world, with their new sense of solidarity, can shape the pattern of tomorrow.

#### MISS BARTON'S BOARDERS

(Continued from page 32)

swept Prilly with a contemptuous look. "Another?" she sneered. "So soon?" and stamped upstairs.

"Hmmp," I said. "What have you done to her, Prilly?"

"Oh, think nothing of it," Prilly said lightly. "I dropped in at rehearsal when I was in town this morning, and she didn't like the silly way Claude talked to me, I guess. You know, he's terrifically shallow, Miss Abby. Not my dream-type at all . . . I don't think I want to be in one of their old concerts."

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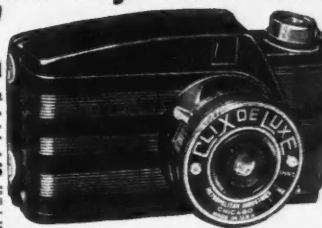
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Mr. Wrightson opened his mouth to utter some teasing remark, but I shook my head at him warningly. "You're a regular weathervane, child," I laughed. "This morning you were all set to be a second Lily Pons."

Prilly blushed. "A girl can change her mind, can't she?" she demanded with some heat. "Besides, Claude's a two-timer. He's practically engaged to Vivian—Mr. Walker told me so—and I . . . Oh, splotch! Let's drop the subject."

"Gladly," I said. "Mr. Wrightson, when are you planning to move in? In time for supper this evening?"

"I thought I would, if you don't mind, Miss Barton." Those all-observing hazel eyes followed Prilly approvingly as she stepped out onto the porch to wait for him. "Miss Longfellow is driving me down to the village to pick up my bags. Any commissions in town I could take care of for you?"

"Why, yes," I began, "you might stop at the butcher shop and bring out a couple of lamb chops . . . Prilly will show you . . ." and at that moment Madame Rodinoff's door opened, and the Russian woman came out into the hall, peering about, an empty drinking glass in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Barton," she called, catching sight of me in the shadowy corner beside the stairs, "would you mind letting me have a little ice water?" Then she stiffened. "Oh," she said. "I thought it was your farmhand with whom you were speaking."

She started to step back into her room, but Mr. Wrightson, who could move like a cat, was already at her side, holding out his hand for the glass. "Permit me, Madame," he smiled, "to bring you some water."

Madame surrendered the glass somewhat reluctantly, and her eyes smoldered as Mr. Wrightson walked off quickly with it toward the kitchen.

"Mr. Wrightson is a new guest here," I explained. "He will have the room back of yours, but the door, of course, is always locked."

"But who . . . who is he?" she asked hoarsely. "I do not like the way he got that glass from my hand." She checked herself sharply, and forced a smile as Mr. Wrightson returned, bringing a tinkling glass of water on a small tray.

"Here you are," he said. "Lovely and cold." He bowed to us both and joined Prilly with some laughing comment.

Madame Rodinoff stood there, tray in hand, looking after those two handsome young people as they walked away, and it seemed to me that her face was the saddest I had ever seen. It was the face of a woman tired of life and tortured in mind.

"There," I thought to myself, "if ever I saw it, is a lost soul. . ."

(To be concluded)

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DEAR MARY PERKINS

(Continued from page 20)

seemingly hopeless search—with you setting up the conditions.

At one time, I nearly felt as you. I looked at some professed Christians around me, and wondered if I wanted to be like them. Suddenly one day a minister made a statement which changed my whole life. He said, "Never look at any human being (except one—Jesus Christ) as an ideal or example. Always keep your eyes above. Because we are all human, we fall short." I realized my failing—"Judge not lest ye be judged." I had no right to say who was a hypocrite who was giving only lip service, because only too often I found myself guilty of things equally as wrong, in His sight. I teach a Sunday-school class—have for the past nine years—and my most persistent prayer is that my girls will not judge my Christ by my unconscious faults . . . that their eyes will be kept above. Yes, we even find among the ministry certain individuals of whom we cannot approve, but that is no reason for us to leave the Church. And, with thousands of churches of different denominations in this great country of ours, we certainly have enough choice.

My mother was a very wonderful woman. While she was a Presbyterian, she instilled in us one principle which has been a great help: We should be in church every Sunday, and if one of our own denomination wasn't near, then we should attend any Protestant church. My earliest recollection is of an Episcopal church, which we attended for sixteen years. We sang in the choir and loved the good old hymns, learned to appreciate the good music, the ritual, the formal respect of worship—all of this was instilled in our hearts and minds. Mother was tolerant, and at one time (many would not approve of this), we attended a Christian Science church for three years. Here we studied the psychology of religion—mind over matter.

When nearly 30, I chose the Methodist Church as my own. I felt it was a heart religion, and I was so full of—shall we say—the spirit of God and His wonders, that I immediately found in the Methodists what you said you wanted of a church: "Ample opportunity to work for the betterment of my community." I started teaching Sunday school, leading growing girls, while their minds were inquiringly open, to find that "joy which passeth all understanding," which enabled them to meet daily difficulties and to know they had a Friend that even death cannot take away.

I noted particularly your paragraph on hell, damnation and sin. The first lessons in all the Sunday schools I have worked in, start not with fear, but with love, tenderness, the baby Jesus, the beauty of the Christian home. The rest follows as they are able to grasp it. I am afraid such a deleted religion as you ask for your children is the kind that has filled this country with juvenile delinquency—with overflowing institutions of correction. In a census of such institutions, it was found that 90% of the inmates had never attended Sunday school. In teaching that "The wages of sin is death," we are teaching young people to be good, upright citizens. Too often we see the sins of the fathers and mothers handed down to innocent children. Yes, Mary Perkins, *sin is real*.

It was not until Jesus Christ came to this earth, that we began to get the things which our boys are fighting for today. His

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coming was the beginning of respect for women, homes for the aged, orphanages, hospitals and churches for everyone, not just certain classes.

Yes, Mary Perkins, if those precious ones of yours are not in Sunday school, see to it that they are in some Sunday school. I would trust God that they be brought into His saving grace. Who knows? *And a little child shall lead them.* They may be your salvation!

These three letters then, in the judgment of the editorial staff of CHRISTIAN HERALD were the best of the many replies to Mary Perkins' SOS. The stuffed mailbags of answers were quickly winnowed down to 34 letters. They were all good and as a slight recompense for the time and effort expended, we list alphabetically herewith the remaining 31 as Honorable Mentions:

JENNIE G. BROWN, St. John, N. B., Canada; Rev. NICOLAS H. A. BRUINIX, Rochester, N. Y.; ESTHER BUREMAN, Millersburg, Pa.; Rev. ANDREW A. BURKHARDT, Whitehouse Station, N. J.; MARY T. DORCIE, Colorado Springs, Colo.; ADDISON J. EASTMAN, Carlstadt, N. J.; ZELDA L. FISHER, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.; GUY W. FRANTZ, Dayton, O.; AUBREY B. HAINES, Pomona, Cal.; PAUL S. JAMES, Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. J.

## TWO FOR CHRIST

(Continued from page 22)

brothers and with friendship, but we must insist upon taking measures to protect and comfort our other European brothers upon whom you and your leaders have inflicted such suffering. Our desire to help you and to bring you back into the community of nations cannot override our duty to protect for the future those others who have suffered so much in the past. We are not your judges—God alone can judge human actions and motives—but we shall take what practical steps we can to provide a safe period of absence of war, during which we can start to build the more permanent structure of lasting peace. When the time comes that the passions generated by the war have died down and you have been able to convince your neighbors of your true desire for friendly and peaceful cooperation, you will be able to join with all other nations in the elaboration of such an international order as will obviate the danger of future wars.

"That much we should certainly say to the Germans. And may I add one thing more? We shall not succeed with them, nor with the attainment of world peace, until our Christian faith has become implicit in our whole lives and in all our relationships. We cannot be Christians in international politics unless we are also Christians in our personal relationships—above all, in our relationship to God. We must waste no time lecturing others on how they should be-

ARVID JOHNSON, Stacy, Minn.; Mrs. RO- LAND S. JONES, Jr., Fort Valley, Ga.; W. W. KELLER, Arlington, Va.; MARTHA M. KIELY, Pt. Jefferson, N. Y.; REV. R. B. KNUDSEN, Logansport, Ind.

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To all who replied, our thanks. Some members of the staff said, as they read letter after letter, "We should publish a booklet on this, where we could print many more of the letters verbatim and at least quote paragraphs or sentences from the remainder." Only severe paper restrictions prevent us from doing this.

Thanks again, CHRISTIAN HERALD readers!

have, because none of us has yet learned to be wholly Christian himself. Christianity means not only love, but humility as well. If we are to give an example we must live Christianity as individuals. If we do that we can, I think, accomplish something real in the sphere of international politics. We, as humble Christians, can show the world the greatness which our times demand."

There was in Sir Stafford as he spoke nothing of the haughty aristocrat, the traditional English Tory. There was a distinct note of humility and in his eyes was a far look. Perhaps it is the note of humility which you and I in America should hear, for we Americans have been accused of many things, many virtues and vices—but never of humility!

\* \* \* \*

It was Theodore Roosevelt who admonished us to "Trust in God and carry a big stick." It may be good advice, but along with it the spirit of humility will give us comrades in a world where now no man may walk safely alone. Humility it is that prompts an individual and a people to appraise and appreciate others. Humility it is that builds defenses within as well as without and that trusts in God and honest dealing, more than in a big stick. I have the feeling that along with pride in Britain, both William Beveridge and Stafford Cripps have the spirit of humility. Today as I finished this article, I read President Truman's V-E Day message to America. With a mist over my eyes I said, "The President is both a strong and a humble man!"

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